Accessions
149.568

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Thomas Pennant Barton.

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584

Hosmer Sale, 1861, N.° 504.

1.

THE FAYRE MAIDE OF THE EXCHANGE:

TOGETHER,
WITH THE MERRY
HVMOVRS, AND PLEASANT PASSAGES OF
THE *CRIPPLE* OF
FANCHVRCH.

Furniſhed with varietie of delectable Mirth.

LONDON,
Printed by *I. L.* and are to be ſolde at the ſigne of the *Grey-hound* in *Paules* Church-yard.
1625.

149.568
May. 1873

DUPLICATE
Bridgow. Libr.

Eleauen may easily acte this Comedy.

Berry *an old man* }
Bobbington } for one.
Gardiner }
Officers }

Mall Berry } for one.

Flower *an humorous old man* }
Bennet } for one.
Scarlet }
Ralph }

Cripple } for one.

Barnard }
Flowers *wife* } for one.
Vrsula }
Boy }

Anthony Golding *gentleman* } for one.

Ferdin. Gold. *gent and* Wood. } for one.

Franke Golding *gentleman.* } for one.

Bowdler *an humorous gallant.* } for one.

Phillis *the faire Maide.* } for one.

Fiddle *the Clowne.* } for one.

Prologus.

THe humble Socke that true Comedians weare,
Our Muſe hath don'd, and to your fav'ring eyes,
In loweſt Plaine-ſong doth her ſelfe appeare,
Borrowing no colour from a quaint diſguiſe:
If your faire fauours cauſe her ſpirite to riſe,
Shee to the higheſt pitch her wings ſhall reare,
And prowd quothurnicke action ſhall deuiſe,
To win your ſweete applauſe ſhe deemes ſo deare.

Mean while ſhore vp our tender pamping twig,
That yet on humble ground doth lowely lie:
Your fauours ſunneſhine guilding once this ſprig;
It may yeeld *Nectar* for the gods on hie:
Though our *I*nuention lame, imperfect be,
Yet giue the Cripple almes for charitie.

The faire Maide of the Exchange.

Scene. I.

Enter Scarlet and Bobbington.

EVEN now the well-come twi-light doth ſalute
Th'approaching night, clad in blacke ſable weedes.
Blacke as my thoughts, that harbour nought but death,
Theſts, murthers, rapes and ſuch like damned actes,
The infant babes to whom my ſoule is nurſe:
Come *Bobbington*, this ſtarre-beſpangled skie
Bodeth ſome good, the wether's faire and dry.

Bob. My ſcarlet-hearted *Scarlet*, galland blood,
Whoſe bloody deeds are worthy memorie
Of after ages, let me imbrace thee: ſo,
So, now me thinkes I fold a richer iemme,
Than wealthy *India* can afford to *Spaine*:
There lies my treaſure, and within thy armes
Securitie that neuer breedeth harmes.

Scar. Braue reſolution, I am prowde to ſee
So ſweet a graft vpon a worme-wood tree,
Whoſe iuyce is gall, but yet the fruite moſt rare:
Who wreakes the tree, if that the fruite be faire?
Therefore reſolue, if we a booty get,
It bootes not whence, from whom, when, where, or what.

Bob. Well (God forgiue vs) heere lets take our ſtands,
We muſt haue gold although we haue no lands.

Enter Phillis and Vrsula.

Phil. Stay *Vrsula*, haue you those sutes of Ruffes,
Those stomachers, and that fine peece of Lawne,
Marck'd with the Letters C C. and S.

Vrsula. I haue.

Phil. If your forgetfulnesse cause any defect,
You'r like to pay for't, therefore look vnto it.

Vrsu. I would our iourney had as safe an end,
As I am sure my Ladies ruffes are heere,
And other wares which she bespoke of you.

Phil. Tis good; but stay, giue me thy hand my girle,
Tis somewhat darke, come, let vs helpe each other:
She past her word one of her gentlemen
Should meet vs at the bridge, and that's not farre,
I muse they are not come, I doe assure thee,
Were I not much beholding to her Ladiship
For many kindnesses: *Mile-end*, should stand
This gloomie night vnuisited for vs.
But come, me thinkes I may discerne the bridge,
And see a man or two, in very deed
Her word, her loue and all is honourable.

Bob. A prize yong *Scarlet*, Oh, a gallant prize,
And we are Pirots that will seaze the same
To our owne vses.

Scar. But hold man, not too fast:
As farre as I can gather by their words,
They take vs for my Ladies Gentlemen,
Who as it seemes should meet them on their way,
Then if thou saidst the word weele seeme those men,
And by those meanes withdraw them from their way,
Where we may rifle them of what they carry,
I meane, both goods, and their virginitie.

Bob. Tis well aduisde, but *Scarlet*, giue me leaue
To play the Gentleman and welcome them.

Scar. Inioy thy wish.

Bob. Welcome you sacred starres,
That adde bright glory to the sable night.

Scarl. Excellent, by heauen.

Bob.

Bob. I am sorry your beautie's so discomfited,
Treading so many tedious weary steps,
And we not present to associate you.
Scar. Oh, blessed *Bobbington.*
Phil. Sir, I doe thanke you for this taken paines,
That as your worthy Lady promisde me,
We now inioy your wished companie.
Scar. Shee's thine owne boy, I warrant thee.
Bob. And I am prowd, too prowd of this imployment,
Come M. *Scarlet* take you that pretie sweet,
You see my Ladies care; she promisde one
But hath sent two.
Phil. Tis honourably done.
Bob. This is your way.
Phil. That way, alas sir no.
Bob. Come, it is: nay then it shall be so.
Phil. What meane you Gentlemen?
Vrsu. O he will rob me.
Phil. Looke to the boxe *Vrsula.*
Phil. & Vrsu. Helpe, helpe, murther, murther.

Enter the Cripple.

Crip. Now you supporters of decrepite youth,
That mount this substance twixt faire heauen and earth,
Be strong to beare that huge deformitie,
And be my hands as nimble to direct them,
As your desires to waft mee hence to London.
Phil. & Vrsu. Helpe, helpe, heele rauish me.
Crip. My thinkes I heare the sound of rauishment.
Phil. & Vrsu. Helpe, helpe.
Crip. Marry and will, knew I but where, and how.
What do I see?
Theeues full of lust beset virginitie!
Now stirre thee cripple, and of thy foure legs
Make vse of one, to doe a virgin good:
Hence rauening curres: what, are you at a prey?
Will nothing satisfie your greedy chappes
But virgins flesh? Ile teach you prey on carrion, *Fight & beate*
Packe damned rauishers, hence villaines. *them away.*

Phil. Thankes, honeſt friend, who from the gates of death
Hath ſet our virgin ſoules at libertie.
Crip. Giue God the glory that gaue me the power.
Phil. I doe, kinde Sir, and thinke my ſelfe much bound
To him aboue, to thee that treads this ground,
And for this aid, Ile euer honour thee;
My honor you haue ſau'd redeem'd it home:
Which wer't not done, by this time had beene gone.
Crip. Hereafter more of this; but tell me now
The cauſe of theſe euents, the effect, and how.
Phil. Ile tell you ſir; but let vs leaue this place.
And onward on our way.

Enter Scarlet and Bobbington.

Bob. It ſhall be ſo, ſee where they walke along,
Ile croſſe the other way and meet them full,
Keepe thou this way, and when thou hearſt vs chat,
Come thou behinde him ſnatch away his crutches,
And then thou knowſt he needs muſt fall to ground,
And what ſhall follow leaue the reſt to mee. *Exit. Bobb.*
Scar. About it then.
Crip. Y faith ſhe is an honourable Lady,
And I much wonder that her Ladiſhip
Giues intertaine to ſuch bad men as theſe.

Enter Bobbington.

Bob. Stand thou that haſt more legs than nature gaue thee.
Crip. Mongrell, ile chooſe.
Scar. Then go to ſir, you ſhall.
All, All, Murder, murder.

Enter Franke Goulding.

Frank. Stay there my horſe:
Whence comes this eccho of extreamitie?
All. Helpe, helpe.
Frank. What doe I heare, a virgin call for helpe?
Hands off dam'nd vilaines, or by heauen I ſweare,
Ile ſend you all to hell. *Fight and driue them away.*
Crip. Hold, forbeare.
I came in reſcue of Virginitie.
Phil. He did, he did, and freed vs once from thrall.

But now the second time they wrought his fall.

Frank. Now you distressed obiects, do you tell
Vpon what mount of woe your sorrowes dwell.

Phil. First get we hence away, and as we goe,
Kinde gentleman, our fortunes you shall know.

Crip. Thanks worthy sir, may but the Cripple be,
Of power to gratifie this courtesie,
I then shall thinke the heauens fauour me.

Phil. No more now for Gods sake, let vs hence.

Crip. If I doe liue, your loue Ile recompence. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mall Berrie.

Mall. NOw for my true-loues hand-kercher; these flowers
Are pretie toyes, are very pretie toyes:
O but me thinks the Peascod would doe better,
The Peascod and the Blossome, wonderfull!
Now as I liue, ile surely haue it so.
Some maides will chuse the Gilliflower, some the Rose,
Because their sweet cents doe delight the nose,
But very fooles they are in my opinion,
The very worst being drawen by cunning art,
Seemes in the eye as pleasant to the heart.
But heer's the question, whether my loue or no
Will seeme content? I, there the game doth goe:
And yet ile pawne my head he will applaude
The Peascod and the flower, my prety choice.
For what is he louing a thing in heart,
Loues not the counterfeit, though made by art?
I cannot tell how others fancie stand,
But I reioyce sometime to take in hand,
The similе of that I loue; and I protest,
That prety pescod likes my humor best.
But ile vnto the Drawers, heele counsell me,
Heere is the shop: alas, what shall I doe?
Hee's not within, now all my labor's lost,
See, see, how forward loue is euer crost,
But stay, what Gallant's this?

Enter M. Bowdler.

Bow. A plague one this Drawer, hee's neuer at home:
Good morrow sweet-heart, tell me, how thou dost?

Mall. Vpon what acquaintance? (say, Amen.

Bow. That's all one, once I loue thee, giue me thy hand and

Mall. Hands off, sir Knaue, and weare it for a fauor.

Bowd. What? dost thou meane thy loue pretie foole?

Mall. No foole, the knaue, O grosse;
A gentleman and of so shallow wit!

Bowd. I know thou camst to the Drawer.

Mall. How then?

Bowd. Am not I the propperer man?

Mall. Yes, to make an asse on.

Bowd. Will you get vp and ride?

Mall. No, ile lackey by his side, and whip the asse.

Bowd. Come, come, leaue your iesting, I shall put you down.

Mall. With that face! away you want-wit.

Bowd. By this hand, I shall.

Mall. By the asse-head you shall not.

Bowd. Go to, you are a woman.

Mall. Come, come, ye are a man.

Bowd. I haue seene as faire.

Mall. I haue heard as wise.

Bowd. As faire as *Mall Berry*.

Mall. As wise as yong *Bowdler*. *Bowd.* As M. *Bowdler*.

Mall. Hoida; come vp. *Bowd.* Go thou down then.

Mall. No good asse, bate an Ase of that.

Enter Barnard.

Bar. What M. *Bowdler*, will it nere be otherwise?
Still, still a hunting, euery day wenching?

Bowd. Faith sir, the modest behauior of this Gentlewoman,
Hath insinuated my company.

Mall. Lord, how eloquence flo ves in this Gentleman!

Bowd. Faith, I shall put you downe in talke, you were best

Mall. No sir, I will hold out as long as I may, (to yeeld.
Though in the end you beare the foole away.

Bowd. Meane you by me? you gull me not?

Mall. No by this night, not I.

Bowd.

Bowd. For if you did, I would intoxicate my head.
Mall. Yea, I dare ſware you'le goe a foole to bed.
Bowd. Meane you by mee? you gull me not?
Barn. No, I dare ſweare the Gentlewoman meanes well.
Mall. And ſo I doe indeed, himſelfe can tell:
But this it is, ſpeake Maidens what they will,
Men are ſo captious the'ile euer conſter ill.
Barn. To her ſir, to her, I dare ſware ſhe loues you:
Bowd. Well then faire *Mall*, you loue me as you ſay.
Mall. I neuer made you promiſe, did I, I pray?
Bowd. All in good time you will doe, elſe you lie,
Will you not?
Mall. No for-ſooth not I.
Bowd. *Barnard*, ſhee gulles me ſtill.
Barn. 'Tis but your miſ-conceit, try her againe:
You know by courſe all women muſt be coy;
To her againe, then ſhe may happely yeeld.
Bowd. Not I, in faith.
Mall. Then mine ſhall be the field:
Wiſedome, adue, once more faint heart farewell;
Yet if thou ſeeſt the Drawer, I prethee tell him,
Mall Berry hath more worke for him to doe;
And for your ſelfe, learne this when you doe woe,
Arme you with courage, and with good take heede,
For he that ſpares to ſpeake muſt ſpare to ſpeede,
And ſo farewell. *Exit.*
Bowd. Call her againe, *Barnard.*
Barn. Shee's too ſwift for me:
Why this is the right courſe of gullerie,
What did you meane hauing ſo faire an aime
So fondly to let ſlip ſo faire a game?
Bowdler, become a man for maides will ſtand,
And then ſtrike home, art thou not yong and luſty,
The minion of delight, faire from thy birth,
Adonis play-pheere, and the pride of earth?
Bowd. I know it, but a kind of honeſt blood
Tilts in my loynes, with wanton appetites,
She bade me doe a meſſage to the Drawer,

And

And I will doe it; there will come a day,
When *Humfry Bowdler*, will keepe holiday,
Then *Mall* looke to your selfe, see that you be sped,
Or by this light Ile haue your maidenhead.

Barn. Spoke like a gallant, spoke like a gentleman, spoke like your selfe:
Now doe I see some sparkes of manhood in you,
Keepe in that key, keepe in the selfe same song,
Ile gage my head youle haue her loue ere long. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ferdinand, and Franke.

Frank. Wilt thou not tell me (brother *Ferdinand*)
Now by this light Ile haunt thee like a sprite,
Vntill I know whence springs this melancholy.

Ferd. O brother!
Thou art too yong to reach the depth of griefe,
That is immur'd within my hearts deepe closet,
A thousand sighes keepe daily centinell,
That beate like whirle-winds all my comfort backe,
As many sobbes guard my distressed heart,
That no reliefe comes neere to ayde my soule,
Millions of woes like bands of armed men,
Stop vp the passage of my sweet relieſe:
And art thou then perswaded that my wordes,
Can any comfort to my soule afford?
No, no, good *Franke*, deere brother then forbeare,
Vnlesse with griefe in me youle take a share.

Fran. Griefe me no griefes, but tell me what it is
Makes my (sweete *Ferdinand*) thus passionate:
Ile coniure griefe, if griefe be such an euill,
In spite of Fortune, Fates, or any Deuill.

Ferd. Wilt thou not leaue me to my selfe alone?

Fran. Brother, you know my minde,
If you will leaue your dumpish melancholy,
And like my selfe banish that puling humour,
Or satisfie my exspectation,
By telling whence your sorrow doth proceede

I will

I will not onely ceaſe to trouble you:
But like a true skilfull Phiſition,
Seeke all good meanes for your recouerie.
Fer. Well brother, you haue much importun'd me.
And for the confidence I haue in you,
That youle proue ſecret, I will now vnfold,
The loade of care that preſſeth downe my ſoule:
Know then good *Franke*, loue is the cauſe hereof.
Frank. How, loue! why what's that loue?
Ferd. A child, a little little boy thats blind.
Frank. And be ore-come by him! plagu'd by him!
Driuen into dumps by him! put downe by a boy!
Maſter'd by loue! O, I am mad for anger:
By a Boy! is there no roſemary and bayes in England
To whip the Ape? by a boy!
Ferd. I, ſuch a boy as thou canſt neuer ſee,
And yet ere long mayſt feele his tyrannie:
Hee's not viſible, yet aimes at the heart,
Woe be to thoſe that feele his wounding dart;
And one of them I am. Wounded ſo deepe,
That in my paſsions I no meane can keepe:
Vnhappy time, woe to that diſmall houre,
When loue did wound me with faire *Phillis* flowre:
O *Phillis*, *Phillis*; of flowers ſweeteſt flower,
That euer garniſh'd any princely bower:
Farewell, farewell, my woes will ne're remoue,
Till I inioy faire *Phillis* for my loue. *Exit.*
Frank. Whats heere? *Phillis* and loue; and loue and *Phillis*:
I haue ſeene *Phillis*, and haue heard of loue;
I will ſee *Phillis*, and will heare of loue:
But neither *Phillis*, nor the power of loue,
Shall make me bond-ſlaue to a womans becke.

Enter Anthony.

Who's here, my ſecond brother male-content?
Ile ſtand aſide and note his paſsions.
Ant. O loue, that I had neuer knowne thy power.
Frank. More louers yet! what the deuill is this loue?

Anth. That these my wandring eyes had kept their stay;
That I my selfe had still beene like my selfe;
That my poore heart had neuer felt the wound,
Whose anguish keepes me in a deadly sound:
Oh how deluding dreames this night ore-past,
Drench'd my sad soule in pleasures floting sea!
Me thought I clasp'd my loue within my armes,
And circling her, sau'd her from threatning harmes;
Me thought there came an hundred in an houre
That sought to rob me of my sweetest flower:
But like a champion I did keepe her still
Within this circle, free from euery ill:
But when I wak'd and miss'd my *Phillis* there,
All my sweete ioyes conuerted into feare.

Frank. What brother *Anthony*, at praiers so hard?
Tell me what saint it is thou inuocates?
Is it a male, or female? howsoeuer,
God blesse thee brother, th'art in a good mind,
But now I remember me, thy saint is blind.

Anth. How, blind?

Frank. I brother, blind, I heard thee talke of loue,
And loue is blind they say.

Anth. I would it were as blinde as *Ebon* night,
That loue had neuer hit my heart so right;
But what is loue in your opinion?

Frank. A voluntary motion of delight,
Touching the superficies of the soule;
A substance lesse diuine then is the soule,
Yet more then any other power in man
Is that which loues, yet neither is enforc'd,
Nor doth enforce the heart of man to loue:
Which motion as it vnbeseemes a man,
So by the soule and reason which adorne,
The life of man it is extinguished,
Euen at his pleasure that it doth possesse.

Anth. Thus may the free-man iest at mannacles,
The furre-clad citizen laugh at a storme,
These swartie Moore diuing to gather pearle,

Challenge

Challenge the ſcalding ardor of the Sunne;
And aged *Neſtor* ſitting in his tent,
May tearme wounds ſport, and warre but merriment,
Frank. Tis true, fore God it is, and now me thinks,
My heart begins to pittie hearts in loue:
Say once more, *Anthony*, tell me thy griefes,
Let me haue feeling of thy paſsion,
Poſſeſſe me deeply of thy melting ſtate,
And thou ſhalt ſee.
Anth. That thou wilt pittie me.
Frank. No by my troth, if euery tale of loue,
Or loue it ſelfe, or foole-bewitching beautie,
Make me croſſe-arme my ſelfe; ſtudy ay-mees;
Defie my hat-band; tread beneath my feete
Shoo-ſtrings and garters; practiſe in my glaſſe
Diſtreſſed lookes, and dry my liuer vp,
With ſighes enough to win an argoſie.
If euer I turne thus fantaſticall,
Loue plague me, neuer pitie me at all.

Enter Phillis.

Anth. Yonder ſhe comes that holds me priſoner.
Frank. What? *Phillis*, The faire Maide of the Exchange?
Is ſhe god *Cupids* iudge ouer mens hearts?
Brother, ile haue one venny with her tongue,
To breathe my wit, and ieſt at paſsion:
By your leaue Miſtreſſe *Flower*.
Phil. Your rude behauiour ſcarſe offers you welcome.
Frank. I prethee tell me *Phillis*, I heare ſay,
Thou keepſt loue captiue in thy maiden thoughts.
Phil. That is a thought beyond your reach to know.
Frank. But ſhall I know it? (fond,
Phil. On what acquaintance? then might you deeme mee
If (as you ſay) loue be at my command.
Frank. May not your friend command as great a matter?
Phil. Ile know him well firſt, for that friend may flatter.
Frank. Why, I hope you know me.
Phil. That's a queſtion.

Frank. Well, if you doe not, you shall before I stirre.
Know you yonder lumpe of melancholie,
Yonder bundle of sighes, yonder wad of grones?
The same and I were chickins of one broode,
And if you know him, as I am sure you doe,
Being his brother, you needs must know me too.
Phil. I partly haue a guesse of yonder Gentleman,
His name is Master *Golding* as I take it.
Ant. Golding I am, and thine sweete faire I am,
And yet not thine, but a most wretched man;
Thou know'st my cause of griefe, my wound of woe:
And knowing it, why wilt thou see it so?
Put salues of comfort to my griefes vnrest,
So mayst thou heale my sore of heauinesse.
Frank. Hearke you faire maide, are you a Surgeon?
I prethee giue my brother *Anthony*
Somewhat to heale the loue sore of his mind,
And yet tis pitie that he should haue help:
A man as free as aire, or the Sunnes raies,
As boundlesse in his function as the heauens,
The male and better part of flesh and blood,
In whom was powrde the quintessence of reason,
To wrong the adoration of his Maker,
By worshipping a wanton female skirt,
And making Loue his Idol, fie todard, fie:
I am ashamde of this apostacie:
Ile talke with her to hinder his complaints.
Phillis, a word in priuate ere you goe,
I loue yee sweete.
Phil. Sowre, it may be so.
Frank. Sowre, and sweete; that doth scarce agree.
Phil. Two contraries, and so be we.
Frank. A plague on this courting, come, weele make an end.
Phil. I am sorry for it since you seeme my friend.
Frank. I, but thou canst not weepe.
Phil. Then had I a hard heart.
Frank. How say you? come brother, now to your part.
Anth. At your direction: no, this merry glee,

Good

(Good brother) sortes not with my melancholie;
Loue couets priuate conference; so my sorrow,
Craueth your absence which I faine would borrow.
Frank. No maruell then we say that loue is blind,
If it still reuell in obscurity:
I will depart I will not hinder loue,
Ile wash my hands, fare-well sweet turtle doue. *Exit.*
Phil. Faith your brother is a proper man.
Frank. Whats your will with me.
Phil. Euen what you please.
Frank. Did you not call me backe?
Phil. Not, to my knowledge.
Frank. No, sbloud somewhat did, farewell, farewell.
Phil. He is a very very proper man.
Frank. I am in haste pray vrge me not to stay.
Phil. The man doth dote, pray God he hits his way.
Frank. Fore God ther's not a maide in all this towne,
Should sooner winne me; but my busines calls me:
Giue me thy hand, next time I meete with thee,
Lesser intreaty shall woe my company.
Phil. Yfaith yfaith?
Frank. Yfaith, this was the hand, what meanes my bloud?
Doe I not blush, nor looke extreamly pale?
Is not my head a fire, my eies nor heart?
Ha, art thou here? I feele thee loue I faith:
By this light, well *Via* farewell, farewell. *Exit.*
Antho. Now he is gone, and we in priuate talke.
Say, wilt thou grant me loue, wilt thou be mine?
For all the entereſt in my loue is thine.
Phil. Your brother *Ferdinand* hath vowd as much:
Nay more, he sweares what man so ere he be,
Presumes to be corriuall in his loue:
He will reuenge it as an iniurie.
And clothe the theefe in baſeſt obloquie.
Antho. I, is my brother my competitor?
Ile court my loue and will solicite thee,
Were *Ferdinand* himselfe in company.
What saist thou to my suite?

Phil. Time may doe much, what I intend to doe
I meane to pawse vpon. *Ant.* Let it be so;
If that my brothers hinderance be all,
Ile haue thy loue though by my brothers fall. *Exit.*

Phil. Two brothers drownd in loue, I and the third
For all his outward habite of neglect,
If I iudge rightly if I did not dreame,
Hath dipt his foote too in Loues scalding streame.
Well, let them pleade and perish if they will;
Cripple mine heart is thine, and shall be still. *Exit.*

Frank. I am not well, and yet I am not ill,
I am, what am I? not in loue I hope?
In loue! let me examine my selfe, who should I loue? who did I last conuerse with, with *Phillis*: why should I loue *Phillis?* is she faire? faith so so: her forehead is pretty, somewhat resembling the forehead of the signe of the maidenhead in, &c. What's her haire? faith to Brandora wiars, there's not the simile: it is likely yet that I am in loue? Whats next? her cheekes, they haue a reasonable scarlet, neuer a Diars daughter in the towne goes beyond her. Well, yet I am not in loue. Nay, she hath a mole in her cheeke too: *Venus* mole was not more naturall; but what of that, I am *Adonis*, and will not loue. Goo: *Venus* pardon me. Let vs descend: her chinne, O *Helen, Helen*, where's, your dimple *Helen*? it was your dimple that bewitcht *Paris*, and without your dimple I will not loue you *Helen*, No, yet I am safe. Her hands lets handle that, I saw her hand and it was lilly white, I toucht her palme, and it was soft and smoothe: and then what then? her hand did then bewitch me, I shall be in loue now out of hand. In loue! shall I that euer yet haue prophan'd loue, now fall to worship him? Shall I that haue ieasted at louers sighes now raise while-windes? shall I that haue flowted ay-mees once a quarter, now practise ay-mees euery minute? shall I defie hat-bands, and treade garters and shoo-strings vnder my feete? shall I fall to falling bands and be a ruffin no longer? I must; I am now liege man to *Cupid*, and haue read all these informations in his booke of statutes, the first chapter, page *millesimo nono*, therefore, hat-band avaunt, ruffe regard your selfe,

ſelfe, garters adue, ſhoo-ſtrings ſo and ſo; I am a poore enamorate, and enforcde with the Poet to ſay, Loue orecomes all, and I that loue obey. *Exit.*

Enter M. Flower.

Flow. Now afore God a very good conceit,
But too much ſleepe hath ouer taken me,
The night hath plaid the ſwift-foote runne-away:
A good conceit, a very good conceit,
What *Fiddle*, ariſe *Fiddle*, *Fiddle* I ſay:

Enter Fiddle.

Fid. Heer's a fiddling indeed, I thinke your tongue be made of nothing but fiddleſtrings, I hope the fiddle muſt haue ſome reſt as well as the fiddle-ſticke: well Crowde, what ſay you to *Fiddle* now?

Flow. *Fiddle*, it is a very good conceit.

Fid. It is indeed, Maſter.

Flow. What doſt thou meane?

Fid. To goe to bed again Sir.

Flow. No, *Fiddle*, that were no good conceit *Fiddle*,

Fid. What a fiddling doe you keepe, are not you aſhamde to make ſuch muſicke; I hope ſir, you will chriſten mee anew ſhortly, for you haue ſo worne this name, that ne're a wench in all the towne but will ſcorne to dance after my fiddle.

Flow. Well *Fiddle*, thou art an honeſt fellow.

Fid. Thats more than you know Maſter.

Flow. Ile ſweare for thee Fiddle.

Fid. Youle be damn'd then, Maſter.

Flow. I loue thee Fiddle.

Fid. I had rather your daughter lou'd me,

Flow. Tis a rare conceit yfaith,

Fid. I hold with you Maſter, if my yong miſtreſſe would like ſo well of my muſicke, that ſhe would dance after no bodies inſtrument but mine.

Flow. No Fiddle, that were no good conceit, (ſide

Fid. A ſhame on you, I thought you would not heare on tha

Flow. Fiddle, thou toldſt me, M. *Golding* was in loue with my

Fid. True maſter; therein you ſay well. (daughter.

Flow. And he intreats me to meet him at the ſtarre in cheap to talke concerning the match. *Fiddle*

Fiddle. True, ſtill maiſter.

Flo. And I haue ſent for my neighbour M. *Barry* to beare me company.

Fiddle True, all this is moſt naturall truth.

Flo. And now *Fiddle*, I am going on my way.

Fiddle. Nay thats alie, that hath marr'd all, was your conceipt ſo tirde you could tell troth no longer?

Flo. Why *Fiddle*, are we not going?

Fiddle. No indeede ſir, we are not, we ſtand ſtill, your conceit failde in that.

Flo. Fore God tis true, I am not ready yet: whats hee?

Enter Bobbington.

Bob. By your leaue ſir, I would craue a word in ſecret ſir.

Fol. At your pleaſure, heer's none but my man *Fiddle*.

Fiddle: I ſir, maiſter *Fidale* is my name? ſir *Laurence Syro* was my Father.

Bob, Sir, this is my buſineſſe, my name is *Racket*; I haue a ſhip of my owne vpon the riuer.

Flo. By your leaue ſir, captaine *Racket* is your name.

Bob. Some call me ſo indeede ſir.

Flo. It is a good conceit, I pray proceede.

Bob. Sir, I am now bound to ſea, and wanting ſome mony for the better furniſhing of my wants.

Flo. O, you would borrow mony of me.

Bob. Thats my ſute indeed.

Flo. Thats no good conceit.

Bob. Na, heare me ſir: if you will ſupply me with ten pound till my returne from *Barbary*, I will leaue in your hands a diamond of greater value than the mony.

Flo. A Diamond, it is a Diamond, or but a counterfet.

Fiddle. my ſpectacles.

Bob. Tis right, Iaſſure you ſir.

Flo. Then it is a good conceit: my ſpectacles.

Fiddle. Heere ſir.

Flo. Where ſir?

Fiddle. You cannot ſee maſter, but I can.

Flo. O tis good, it is a good conceit: well ſir, tenne pound; You are content if at three months end,

You

You bring me not ten pound in Englisſh coine,
This diamond ſhall be my proper owne.

Bob. I am ſir, ſhall I receiue the money now?

Flow. I, heere it is, and tis a good conceit.
Will you goe neere ſir? *Fiddle*, make him drinke.

Fiddle. Will you approch caualiero, if I ſpeake not in ſeaſon, tis becauſe I was neuer in the ſalt country, where you Sea Captaines vſe to march.

Bob. You are very eloquent ſir, ile follow you.

Fiddle. Let me alone then for leading my men.

Exeunt Bobbington and Fiddle.

Flow. A diamond worth forty for tenne pound,
If he returne not ſafe from *Barbarie*,
Tis good, a very good conceit. *Enter M. Berry.*

Berry. By your leaue Maſter *Flower*.

Flow. Welcome good Maſter *Berry*, I was bold to intreat your company to ſpeake with a friend of mine,
It is ſome trouble, but the conceit is good.

Berry. No trouble at all ſir, ſhall we be going?

Flow. With all my heart ſir, and as we goe,
Ile tell you my conceit, come Maſter *Berry*. *Exeunt.*

Enter at one doore Cripple, at the other Bowdler.

Bow. Well met my deere bundle of rew, well met.

Crip. As much to thee my humorous bloſſome.

Bob. A plague on thee for a dog, haue I found thee? I hate thee not, and yet by this hand I could finde in my heart: but ſirra, I was encountred.

Crip. Who became your baile?

Bow. Ye filthy dog, I was encountred by a wench I ſay.

Crip. In a wenches counter! I thought no leſſe: what ſirra didſt thou lie in the Knights ward, or on the Maſters ſide?

Bow. Neither, neither yfaith.

Crip. Where then, in the Hole?

Bow. By this hand *Cripple* ile bombaſte thee!

Crip. My crutch you meane for wearing out my clothes.

Bow. Thy noſe dogge, thy noſe, a plague on thee, I care not for thee, and yet I cannot chooſe but loue thee.

Sirra, *Mal Berry* was heere about worke thou haſt of hers, hadſt thou beene here to haue heard, how I ſpurred the wench with incantations, thou wouldſt haue giuen me the praiſe for a ieaſter.

Cripple True Maſter *Bowdler*, I yeelde it you, I holde you for the abſolutſt ieaſter; O miſ-take me not, I meane to ieſt vpon a iuggling gull, a profound ſeeing man of ſhallow wit, that Europe, na the world I thinke affords.

Bow. Well thou art a Iew ſirra, Ile cut out that venomous tongue of thine one of theſe daues.

Cripple. Doe it in time, or Ile cruſh the heart of thy wit till I haue ſtrain'd forth thy infectious humour to a drop yfaith.

Enter Mall Berry.

Bow. Heere comes my amorous veſſell, ile boorde her yfaith: Well encountred *Mall*, how doeſt thou wench, how doeſt thou?

Mal. What's that to you Sir?

Bow. Why I aske thee in kindneſſe.

Mal. Why then in kindneſſe, you are a foole for asking.

Bow. Is the foole your liuery?

Mal. Not ſo, for then you wearing that liuerie, would terme your ſelfe my foole.

Bow. Meaning me? you gull me not, if you doe:

Mal. What then?

Bow. O vile! I would take you downe.

Mal. Alas it wants wit, his wit is to narrow.

Bowler. Ile ſtretch my wit, but I will take you downe.

Mal. How, vpon the tenters? indeede if the whole peece were ſo ſtretcht, and very well beaten with a yard of reformation, no doubt it would grow to a goodly breadth.

Bow. By this hand.

Mal. Away you aſſe, hinder not my buſineſſe.

Crip. Finely put off wench yfaith.

Mal. By your leaue Maſter Drawer.

Cripple. Welcome Miſtris *Berry*, I haue beene mindfull of your worke.

Mal. Is it done?

Crip. Yes, and heere it is!

Mal.

Mal. Heere is your money.

Cripple, Ere long ile visit thee againe,
I haue some ruffes and stomachers to draw.

Crip. At your pleasure.

Bow. By thy leaue *Mall*, a word.

Mal. Away you bundle of nothing away. *Exit Mal.*

Crip. Shee hath a wit as sharpe as her needle.

Bowler. Alas, my selfe haue beene her whetstone with my conference in th'Exchange any time these many yeares.

Crip. In th'Exchange! I haue walkt with thee there, before the visitation of my legges, and my expence in timber, at the least a hundred times, and neuer heard thee speake to a wench.

Bow. That's a lie, thou wert by, when I bought these gloues of a wench.

Cripple. That's true, they cost thee an English shilling at a word, mary it followes in the text, that your shilling proou'd but a harper, and thou wert shamefully arraign'd for it.

Bow. Good, but I excusde my selfe.

Crip. True, that thou thoughtst it had bin a shilling, mary thou hadst neuer an other, nor so much as a shilling more to change it. Thou talke in th'Exchange!

Bowdler. Indeede my best gift is in the morning when the Maides visite my chamber, with such necessaries as I vsually buy of them.

Crip. O thou art one of those, that if an honest Maide be sent to thy chamber with her Mistris goods, and returne as honest and chast as the Moone: Sirra, you are one of those that will slaunder the poore wenches, by speaking liberally of their proneneſſe to loue; and withall, bragge how cheape you haue bought their ware metaphorically, when indeede they depart as honest as they came thither, and leaue you all the day after to figh at the sight of an ill bargaine.

Bow. When wilt thou spit out this serpents tongue of thine?

Crip. When wilt thou cast off this anticke garment of ostentation? do it, do it, or by the Lord I will impresse thy vanities, and so anotomize the very bowels of thy absurdities, that all the world shall take notice of thee for a foole, and shunne thee as the pox or the pestilence.

Enter Bernard.

Barn. Newes, newes, newes.

Bowd. Sweete rogue, what's the matter?

Barn. By Iesu the rareſt dauncing in chriſtendome.

Bowd. Sweet raſcall, where? O doe not kill my ſoule
With ſuch delayes, tell me kinde rogue, O tell me where it is.

Barn. At a wedding in Gratious ſtreete.

Bow. Come, come, away, I long to ſee the man.
In dauncing Art that does more then I can.

Bar. Than you ſir! he liues not.

Bow. Why I vnderſtand thee ſo.

Bar. You onely excepted, the world beſides
Cannot afford more exquiſite dauncers,
Then are now capring in that bridale houſe.

Bow. I will behold them, come crutch, thout ſhalt with vs.

Crip. Not I.

Bow. Downe dogge, ile haue thy company.

Crip. I haue buſineſſe.

Bow. By this hand thou ſhalt goe with vs.

Crip. By this legge I will not.

Bow. A lame othe, neuer ſtand to that.

Crip. By this crutch but I will.

Bar. Come, you looſe time, ſupper is done long ſince,
And they are now a dauncing.

Enter Maſter Berry and Fiddle

Berry. Stay *Fiddle* with thy torch. Gentlemen, good eeuen.

Barn. Maſter *Berry!*

Bow. Maſter *Berry*, I wiſh you well ſir: Maſter *Fiddle* I am yours for a congee.

Fiddle. After the French ſalutation I am yours for the like curteſie.

Berry. Maſter *Barnard*, to morrow is your day.
Of payment ſir, I meane the hundred pound,
For which I haue your bond, I know tis ſure,
You will not breake an houre; then if you pleaſe
To come to dinner ſir, you ſhall be welcome.

Barn. Sir, I did meane to viſite you at home,
Not to pay downe the money, but intreate.

Two moneths for-bearance.

Ber. How! forbeare my money?
Your reason, why I should forbeare my owne?

Barn. You know at first the debt was none of mine,
I was a suretie, not the principall:
Besides, the money that was borrowed
Miscarried in the venture; my friend died,
And once already haue you prisoned me
To my great charge, almost my ouer-throw,
And some-what raisde the debt by that aduantage:
These things considered, you may well forbeare
For two moneths space, so small a summe as this.

Ber. How! I may forbeare; Sir, I haue needs of mony:
I may indeede sit monielesse at home,
And let you walke abroad spending of my coyne.
This I may doe, but sir you know my minde,
If you doe breake your day, assure your selfe,
That I will take the forefeit of your bond.

Crip. The forefeit of his bond!

Ber. I sir, the forefeit; tis no charitie
To fauour you that liue like Libertines:
Heer's a Crew!

All. A crew; what Crew?

Ber. A crew of vnthrifts, careleſſe dissolutes,
Licencious prodigalls, vilde tauern-tracers.
Night watching money-wasters, what should I call yee?
O I want words for to define you rightly;
But this I know, London ne're fostred such
As *Barnard*, *Bowdler*, and this paltrie crutch.

Crip. And you want words sirra, ile teach thee words;
Thou shouldst haue come to euery one of vs
As thus: thou wretch, thou miser thou vilde slaue
And drudge to money, bond-man to thy wealth,
Apprentice to a penney, thou that hourds vp
The frie of siluer pence and half-penies,
With shew of charitie to giue the poore,
But putst them to increase, where in short time
They grow a childs part, or daughters portion.

Thou that inuents new clauſes for a bond
To couſin ſimple plaineneſſe: O not a Dragon,
No, nor the diuels fangs are halfe ſo cruell
As are thy clawes; thus, thus, thou ſhouldeſt haue railde
The forfeit of his bond, O I could ſpit
My heart into his face; thou blood hound that doſt hunt
The deere, deere life of noble Gentrie.

Berry. *Cripple*, tis knowne I am an honeſt man;
But for thy wordes, *Barnard* ſhall fare the worſe:
As for thy ſelfe.

Fid. Who he ſir, neuer regard him, I know the vildeſt thing by him, O tis abhominable!

Ber. Doſt thou ſo *Fiddle*, ſpeake, hold, take thou that, ſpeake of his ſhame, ſpeake freely, ile protect thee.

Fid. I tell you ſir, twill make your haire to ſtand on end, as ſtiffe as a Rubbing-bruſh, to heare his villanies.
What, s this you haue giuen me?

Ber. A ſhilling *Fiddle*.

Fid. Haue you any skill in Arithmeticke?

Ber. Why doſt thou aske?

Fid. Sir, I would haue you to multiply; could you not make this one ſhilling two or three? I would not be knowne to begge, but if out of your cunning you can doe this tricke of multiplication, I ſhall ſpeake the better.

Ber. Other's another ſhilling for thee, now let mee heare what villanies thou canſt charge the *Cripple* with.

Fid. So ſir, this is multiplication, now ſir, if you know the Rule of addition you are an excellent Scholler: can you not adde?

Berry. What doſt thou meane?

Fid. An other ſhilling ſir.

Ber. There is another ſhilling; now *Fiddle* ſpeake.

Fid. Why then attend you Hilles and Dales, and ſtones ſo quicke of hearing, this Cripple is.

All. What is he villaine?

Fid. An honeſt man, as any is in all the towne.

Ber. An honeſt man!

Fid. I by this ſiluer, and as good a fellow as euer went vp-

on

on foure legges, if you would multiply till mid-night, I would neuer ſpeake otherwiſe.

Ber. *Fiddle*, thou art a knaue, and ſo is he:
Come let vs home; *Barnard*, looke to thy bond,
If thou doe breake thy day, I doe proteſt,
By you chaſte Moone.

Fid. The chaſte Moone, why the Moone is not chaſte.

Ber. How prou'ſt thou that?

Fid. Why ſir, ther's a man in the middle of her, how can ſhe be chaſt then?

Ber. Then by my life I ſweare, ile clap him vp
Where he ſhall ſee neither Sunne nor Moone,
Till I be ſatisfied the vtmoſt penney,
And ſo fare-well. *Exit.*

Fid. Gallants good-night; if time and place were in proſperitie, I were yours for an houres ſocietie, I muſt after you mulbery with my torch: adue deare hearts, adue. *Exit.*

Bowd. Come *Barnard*, lets to the dancing, lets tickle it to night.
For to morrow thy heeles may be too heauy.

Bar. Alls one; my heart ſhall be as light as fire.
Come ſhall we goe?

Bowd. Cripple, will you along?

Crip. My buſineſſe ſtayes me heere.

Bowd. Fare-well then dogge of *Iſrael*, farewell. *Exeunt.*

Crip. Als one, my heart ſhall be as light as fire:
Sblood, were I endebted a hundred pound,
My fortune faild, and fled as *Barnards* are,
Not worth a hundred pence as *Barnards* is:
I ſhould be now deuiſing ſentences
And Caueats, for poſteritie to carue
Vpon the inſide of the counter wall:
Therefore Ile now turne prouident; Ile to my ſhop
And fall to worke.

Enter Phillis.

Phill. Yonder's his ſhop. O now you gods aboue
Pitie poore *Phillis* heart, that melts in loue;
Inſtruct the *Cripple* to finde out my loue,
Which I will ſhadow vnder the conceit

Of

Of my inuention for this piece of worke;
O teach him how to yeeld me loue againe,
A little little loue, a dramme of kind affection,
His many vertues are my true direction:
By your leaue M. Drawer.

Crip. Welcome Mistresse *Flower*, whats your pleasure?

Phil. My cause of comming is not vnknowne to you,
Here is bespoken worke which must be wrought
With expedition, I pray haue care of it;
The residue I referre to your direction:
Onely this hankercher, a yong Gentlewoman,
Wishd me acquaint you with her mind herein:
In one corner of the same, place wanton loue,
Drawing his bow shooting an amorous dart,
Opposite against him an arrow in a heart,
In a third corner picture foorth disdaine,
A cruell fate vnto a louing vaine:
In the fourth drawe a springing Lawrell tree,
Circled about with a ring of poesie: and thus it is:

Loue wounds the heart, and conquers fell disdayne,
Loue pitties loue, seeing true loue in paine:
Loue seeing Loue how faithfull Loue did breath,
At length impald loue with a Laurell wreath.

Thus you haue heard the Gentle-womans minde,
I pray be carefull that it be well done:
And so I leaue you, more I faine would say,
But shame forbids and calles me hence away. *Exit.*

Crip. Sweet faire, I pittie, yet no reliefe
Harbors within the closet of my soule.
This *Phillis* beares me true affection,
But I detest the humor of fond loue:
Yet am I hourely solicited
As now you see, and faine she would make knowne
The true perplexion of her wounded heart:
But modestie checking her forwardnesse
Bids her be still; yet she in similies

And loue-comparisons, like a good Scholler
By figures makes a demonstration
Of the true loue enclosed in her heart.
I know it well, yet will not tell her so,
Fancie shall neuer marry me to woe;
Take this of me, a yong man's neuer mar'd,
Till he by marriage from all ioy be bar'd. *Exit.*

Enter Franke singing,

Frank. *Ye gods of Loue that sits abone, and pitty Louers paine,*
Looke from your thrones vpon the mones, that I do now sustaine.
Was euer man thus tormented with loue?

Song. *Ye little birds that sit and sing*
Amidst the shadie valleyes,
And see how Phillis *sweetly walkes*
Within her Garden alleyes;
Goe pretie birds about her bowre,
Sing pretie birds she may not lowre,
Ah me, me thinkes I see her frowne,
Ye pretie wantons warble.
Go tell her through your chirping bills,
As you by me are bidden,
To her is onely knowne my loue,
Which from the world is hidden:
Goe pretie birds and tell her so,
See that your notes straine not too low,
For still me thinke I see her frowne,
Ye pretie wantons warble.
Goe tune your voices harmonie,
And sing I am her Louer;
Straine lowde and sweet, that euery note,
With sweet content may moue her:
And shee that hath the sweetest voyce,
Tell her I will not change my choice.
Yet still me thinkes I see her frowne,
Ye pretie wantons warble.
O flie, make haste, see, see, shee falles
Into a pretie slumber,
Sing round about her rosie bed

That waking she may wonder,
Say to her, 'tis her louer true,
That sendeth loue to you to you:
And when you heare her kinde reply
Returne with pleasant warblings.

Auaunt delusion, thoughts cannot winne my loue;
Loue, though diuine, cannot diuine my thoughts:
Why to the ayre then doe I idle heere
Such heedles words farre off, and ne're the neere;
Hie thee yong *Franke*, to her that keepes thy heart,
There let sweet words, they sweeter thoughts impart.
But stay; here comes my melancholly brothers both,
Ile step aside, and heare their conference. *Exit aside.*

Anth. What? is my brother *Ferdinand* so neere?
He is my elder, I must needs giue place;
Anthony, stand by, and list what he doth say,
Hast calles me hence, yet I will brooke delay.

Ferd. Shall I exclaime gainst fortune and mischap,
Or raile on Nature who first framed me?
Is it hard chance that keepes me from my loue?
Or is this heape of loathd deformitie,
The cause that breeds a blemish in her eye?
I know not what to thinke, or what to say,
Onely one comfort yet I haue in store,
Which I will practise though I ne're try more.

Anth. Oh, for to heare that comfort I doe long,
Ile turne it to a straine to right my wrong.

Ferd. I haue a brother riuall in my loue;
I haue a brother hates me for my loue;
I haue a brother vowes to winne my loue;
That brother too, he hath incenst my loue
To gaine the beauty of my deerest loue;
What hope remaines then to inioy my loue?

Anth. I am that brother riuall in his loue,
Iam that brother hates him for his loue:
Not his but mine, and I will haue that loue,
Or neuer liue to see him kisse my loue;
What thou erst sayd, I am that man alone,
That will depose you brother from loues throne;

Iam

I am that man, though you my elder be,
That will aspire beyond you one degree.
Ferd. I haue no meanes of priuate conference,
So narrowly pursues my hinderer,
No sooner am I entred the sweet court
Of louely rest, my loues rich mansion,
But riuall loue to my affection
Followes me, as a soone enforced strawe,
The drawing vertue of a sable ieat:
This therefore's my determination,
Within the close wombe of a sealed paper,
Will I right downe in bloody Characters,
The burning zeale of my affection:
And by some trusty messenger or other,
Conuey the same into my loues owne hand;
So shall I know her resolution,
And how she fancies my affection.
Ant. Yet subtill Fox, I may perchance to crosse you:
Brother, well met; whither away so fast?
Ferd. About affaires that doe require some haste.
Anth. Tis well done brother, you seeke still for gaine.
Ferd. But you would reape the harueſt of my paine:
Farewell good brother, I must needs be gone,
I haue serious businesse now to thinke vpon:
Yet for I feare my brother *Anthonie*,
Ile step aside and stand a while vnseene,
I may perchance discry which way he goes;
Thus policie must worke twixt friends and foes. *Aside.*
Anth. So, hee is gone, I scarsely trust him neither;
For tis his custome, like a sneaking foole,
To fetch a compasse of a mile about,
And creepe where he would be; well, let him passe,
I heard him say, that since by word of mouth
He could not purchase his sweet Mistresse fauour,
He would endeauour what his wit might doe
By writing, and by tokens; O tis good
Writing with inke; O no, but with his blood.
Well, so much for that, now I know his minde

I doe intend not to be farre behinde:
Heele send a letter, I will write another,
Doe what you can, ile be before you brother;
Ile entercept his letter by the way,
And as time serues the same I will bewray:
Mine being made, a Porter Ile procure,
That shall conuey that heart-inticing lure;
About it then, my letter shall be writ,
Though not with blood, yet with a reaching wit. *Exit.*

Ferd. And shall it so, good brother *Anthonie*?
Were you so neere when we in secret talk'd;
Wilt ne're be otherwise? will you dog me still?

Enter Franke.

Welcome sweete *Franke*; such newes I haue to tell,
As cannot chuse but like thee passing well:
Thou knowest my loue to *Phillis*?

Frank. Brother, say on.

Ferd. Thou likewise art acquainted with my riuall,
And I doe build vpon your secrecie.

Fran. Sblood, and I thought you did not, Ile retire:
Brother you know, I loue you as my life.

Ferd. I dare professe as much, and thereupon
Make bold to craue thy furtherance, in a thing
Concernes me much.

Frank. Out with it brother;
If I shrinke backe, repose trust in some other.

Ferd. Then thus it is; my brother all in haste
Is gone, to write a letter to my loue,
And thinkes thereby to crosse me in my sute,
Sending it by a Porter to her hand;
If euer therefore thou wilt aide thy brother,
Helpe me in this, who seekes helpe from no other. (I may.

Frank. By the red lippe of that daintie saint, Ile aid thee all

Ferd. It is enough; then brother Ile prouide
A Porters habite, alike in euery point,
Will you but so much humble your estate,
To put your selfe in that so base attyre,
And like so meane a person waite his comming,

About

About his doore which will not be ore long
Thou shalt for euer binde me to thy loue.
Frank. Brother, tis a base taske, by this light,
But to procure a further force of loue,
Ile doot, yfaith I will sweete *Ferdinand*,
About it then, prouide thee some disguise,
But see you stay not long in any wise,
Heere shall you finde me, goe, dispatch.
Ferd. For this ile loue thee euerlastingly.
Frank. Meane time ile crosse your loue and if I can,
Heer's no villany betwixt vs three brothers:
My brother *Ferdinand* he would haue the wench,
And *Anthony* he hopes to haue her too:
Then what may I? faith hope well, as they doe.
Neither of them know that I loue the Maide:
Yet by this hand I am halfe mad for loue.
I know not well what loue is, but tis sure,
Ile die if I haue her not, therefore
Good brothers mine beguile you one an other,
Till you be both gulld by your yonger brother.

Enter Ferdinand.

Ferd. Heere is a Porters habite, on with it brother.
Frank. Your hand then brother fot to put it on,
So now tis well, come brother, whats my taske?
Ferd. This first, that thou make haste to *Anthonis*,
Aske for a burden and thou shalt be sure
To haue his letter to my deare loue *Phillis*,
Deliuer it not, but keepe it to thy selfe,
Till thou hast giuen this paper to her hands,
Whose lines doe intimate thy chaste desires:
This is the summe of all, good *Franke*, make hast,
Loue burnes in me, and I in loue doe waste. *Exit.*
Frank. Waste still, but let me in my loue increase.
Now would not all the world take me for a porter?
How strangly am I metamorphosed?
And yet I neede not be ashamed neither,
Ioue when his loue-scapes he attempted euer
Transformd himselfe, yet euer sped in loue,

Why my not I then in this strange disguise ?
This habit may prooue mighty in loues power,
As beast, or bird, bull, or swanne, or golden showre.

Enter Anthony.

Antho. Within the centre of this paper square,
Haue I wrote downe in bloudy characters,
A pretty poesie of a wounded heart,
Such is loues force once burst into a flame,
Doe what we can we cannot quench the same,
Vnlesse the teares of petty moue compassion,
And so quench out the fire of affection,
Whose burning force heates me in euery vaine,
That I to Loue for safety must complaine:
This is my Orator whose dulcet tongue
Must plead my loue to beauteous *Phillis*.
Now for a trusty messenger to be
Imployd heerin betwixt my loue and me,
And in good time I see a Porter nie,
Come hither fellow, dwellst thou heere about?

Frank. Sir, my abiding is not farre from hence,
And trusty *Iohn* men call me by my name,

Anth. Canst thou be trusty then, and secret too,
Being imployd in weighty businesse?

Frank. Sir, I was neuer yet disproou'd in either:

Anth. Then marke me well, in Cornhill by th'Exchange,
Dwells an old Marchant, *Flower* they call his name,
He hath one onely daughter, to whose hands,
If thou conueniently canst giue this letter,
Ile pay thee well, make thee the happiest Porter
That euer vndertooke such businesse.

Franke. Sir, giue me your letter, if I doe it not,
Then let your promisde fauour be forgot.

Antho. *Anthony Golding* is my name, my friend,
About it then, thy message being done
Make haste to me againe, till when, I leaue thee, *Exit.*

Frank. And so fare thee well louing brother,
It had bin better you had sent some other.
Let me consider what is best be done,

Shall

Shall I deliuer his letter? No:
Shall I conuey it to my riuall brother? Nor so:
Shall I teare the same? No not for a million:
What shall I then doe? marry like a kinde brother,
Open the booke, see what is written there,
If nought but loue, in loue haue thou a share.
Brother, by your leaue I hope youle not deny,
But that I loue you: God blesse my eye-sight,
A Sonnet tis in verse, now on my life
He hath perusde all the impresions
Of Sonnets since the fall of Lucifer,
And made some scuruy quaint collection
Of fustian phrases, vplandish wordes.

A Letter.

FAire glory of vertue, thy enamorate
Pleades loyally in pure affection,
Whose pasion Loue doe thou exonorate,
And he shall liue by thy protection:
Nor from thy loue shall he once derogate,
For any soul vnder this horizon,
Yeeld thou to loue, and I will faile in neither,
So loue and truth shall alwayes liue together.

Yours deuoted, Anthony Golding.

Before God, excellent good Poetry,
Sbloud what meanes he by this line?
For any soule vnder this horizon?
No matter for his meaning, meane what he will,
I meane his meaning shall not be deliuered,
But for my other trust my other letter,
That shall come short too of fair *Phillis* hands,
There is a Cripple dwelling here at hand,
Thats very well acquainted with the Maide,
And for I once did rescue them for thieues,
Swore, if he liude, he would requite that kindnes,
To him I will for counsell; he shall be. *Exit.*
My tutor by his wit and pollicie.

Enter

Enter Boy in a Shop cutting of ſquare parchments, to him enter Phillis.

Phil. Why how now ſirra, can you finde nought to doe,
But waſte the parchment in this idle ſort?
Boy. I doe but what my Miſtris gaue in charge.
Phi. Your Miſtris! in good time: then ſir it ſeemes
Your dutie cannot ſtoope but to her lewre:
Sir, I will make you know, that in her abſence
You ſhall accompt to my demaund, your Miſtris
And your Miſtris will is thus, and thus youle doe:
But anſwere to the motion I haue made,
Or you ſhall feele you haue another Miſtris now:
Speake, why when I ſay?
Boy. Indeede I know your glory,
Your prid's at full in this authoritie:
But, were it not for modeſt baſhfulneſſe,
And that I dread a baſe contentious name,
I would not be a by-word to th'Exchange,
For euery one to ſay (my ſelfe going by)
Yon goes a vaſſall to authoritie.
Phil. You would not ſir: had I the yeard in hand,
Ide meaſure your pate for this deluſion,
And by my maiden chaſtitie I ſweare,
Vnleſſe *Reach for the yeard, and the boy ſtay her hand.*
Boy. What vnleſſe! I know your wilfulnes,
Theſe words are but to ſhew the world your humour:
I often vſe to ſquare theſe parchment peeces
Without occaſion: I am ſure you are not witting
The Lawnes you late bought of Maſter *Brookes*,
Are new come home, brought by the Merchants ſeruant:
I know you are ſhort membred, but not ſo ſhort
Of your remembrance, that this is newes to you.
Phil. Y'are beſt to braue me in a taunting humour,
Wilt pleaſe you ope the doore? where's *Vrſula*?
Oh heere's good ſtuffe, my backe's no ſooner turn'd
But ſhe muſt needs be gadding, and where I pray?

Boy. Shee's gone to M. *Pawmers* on th'other side.
Phil. On great occasions, sir, I doubt it not.
Sit and worke in the shop.

Enter M. Richard Gardiner booted, and M. William Bennet, two Gentlemen, at one end of the stage.

Ben. Kinde *Dicke*, thou wilt not be vnmindfull of my dutie
To that same worthy Arts-master, *Lyonell Barnes.*
Gard. Thy loue, sweet *Will*, hath chainde it to my memory.
Ben. Then with this kinde imbrace I take my leaue,
Wishing thou wert as safe arriu'd at *Cambridge*,
As thou art at this present neere the Exchange.
Gard. And well remembred, kind *Will Bennet*,
Others affaires made me obliuious
Of mine owne; I pray thee goe to the Exchange,
I haue certaine bands, and other linnen to buy,
Prethee accompanie me.
Ben. With all my heart.
Card. Sure, this is a beauteous gallant walke;
Were my continuall residence in London,
I should make much vse of such a pleasure:
Me thinkes the glorious virgins of this square
Giues life to dead strucke youth; Oh heauens!
Ben. Why how now *Dicke?*
Gard. By my sweete hopes of an hereafter blisse,
I neuer saw a fairer face then this:
O for acquaintance with so rich a beautie.
Ben. Take thy occasion, neuer hadst thou better.
Gard. Haue at her then.
Phil. What lacke you Gentlemen?
Gard. Faith nothing, had I thee.
For in thine eye all my desires I see.
Phil. My shop you meane sir, there you may haue choice
Of Lawnes, or Cambricks, Ruffes well wrought, Shirts,
Fine falling bands of the Italian cut-worke,
Ruffes for your hands, wast-cotes wrought with silke,
Night-caps of gold, or such like wearing linnen,
Fit for the Chap-man of what ere degree.

Gard. Faith virgin, in my dayes, I haue worne & out-worne
Yea, many of these golden neceſſaries; (much,
But ſuch a gallant beautie, or ſuch a forme
I neuer ſaw, nor neuer wore the like:
Faith be not then vnkinde, but let me weare
This ſhape of thine, although I buy it deere.

Phil. What hath the Tailor plaide his part ſo well,
That with my gowne you are ſo farre in loue?

Gard. Miſtake not ſweet, your garment is the couer,
That vailes the ſhape and pleaſures of a louer.

Phil. That argues then, you doe not ſee my ſhape,
How comes it then you are in loue with it?

Gard. A garment made by cunning Artſ-mens skill,
Hides all defects that Natures ſwaruing hand
Hath done amiſſe, and makes the ſhape ſeeme pure;
If then it grace ſuch lame deformitie,
It addes a greater grace to puritie.

Phil. Oh ſhort liu'd praiſe! euen now I was as faire
As any thing; now fowler nothing.
Diſſembling men, what maide will credite them?

Gard. How miſ-conſtruction leades your thoughts awry?

Ben. I prethee *Dicke* adone; thinke on thy iourney.

Phil. You counſell well ſir, I thinke the Gentleman
Comes but to whet his wit, and tis but neede;
Tis blunt enough, he may ride farre vpon't.

Gard. Mary gip Minx.

Phil. A fine word in a Gentlemans mouth;
T'were good your backe were towards me,
There can I reade better content, then in the face of luſt.

Gard. Now you diſplay your vertues, as they are.

Phil. What am I, you Cipher, parenthesis of words,
Stall-trouble, prater, what ſit I here for naught?
Beſtow your luſtfull court-ſhips on your minions,
This place holds none; you and your companion,
Get you downe the ſtaires, or I proteſt
Ile make this ſquared walke too hot for you.
Had you beene as you ſeem'd in out-ward ſhew,
Honeſt Gentlemen, ſuch termes of vilde abuſe

Had

Had not beene proffred to virginitie;
But Swaines will quickly shew their base descent.
Gard. This is no place for brawles, but if it were,
Your impositions are more then I would beare.
Ben. Come, shee's a woman, I prethee leaue her.
Exeunt Gard. and Ben.
Phil. Nay sure a maid, vnlesse her thoughts deceiue her.
God speede you well: sirra boy.
Boy. Anone.
Goe to the Starchers for the sute of ruffes,
For M. *Bowdlers* bands, and M. *Goldings* shirts,
Lets haue a care to please our prooued friends:
As for our strangers, if they vse vs well,
For loue and money, loue and ware weele sell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Franke. The Cripple at worke.

Frank. Now fortune be my guide, this is the shop;
And in good time the Cripple is at worke:
God speede you sir.
Crip. Welcome honest friend; what's thy will with me?
Frank. I would entreat you reade a letter for me.
Crip. With all my heart:
I know the maide to whom it is directed.
Frank. I know you doe Cripple, better then you thinke.
Crip. I pray you, what Gentleman writ the same?
Frank. Sir, a Gentleman of good learning, and my friend;
To say the truth, t'was written for my selfe,
Being some-what ouertaken with fond loue,
As many men be sir.
Crip. Why art thou perswaded, or hast thou any hope,
So beautifull a virgin as she is,
Of such faire parentage, so vertuous,
So gentle, kinde, and wise as *Phillis* is,
That she will take remorse of such base stuffe,
I thinke not so: but let me see, what's thy name?
Frank. Trustie *Iohn* men call me sir.
Crip. How comes it then your blinded Secretarie,
Hath writ another name vnto the letter?
Yours deuoted Anthony Golding.

But sure this letter is no right of thine,
Either thou foundest the same by happy chance,
Or being imployed as a Messenger,
Plaid'st legerdumaine with him that sent the same:
Wherefore the maid (well knowne vnto my selfe)
I will reserue the letter to her vse,
That she, if by the name herein set downe,
She know the Gentleman that doth wish her well,
She may be gratefull for his courtesie.

Frank. Nay then I see I must disclose my selfe:
Sir, might I build vpon your secrecie,
I would disclose a secret of import.

Crip. Assure thy selfe I will not iniure thee.

Frank. Then Cripple know, I am not what I seeme,
But tooke this habite to deceiue my friend:
My friend indeed, but yet my cruell foe;
Foe to my good, my friend in outward show:
I am no Porter, as I seeme to be,
But yonger brother to that *Anthony*;
And to be briefe, I am in loue with *Phillis*,
Which my two elder brothers doe affect;
The one of them seekes to defeate the other:
Now if that I, being their yonger brother
Could gull them both, by getting of the wench,
I would requite it with loues recompence.
Cripple, thou once didst promise me thy loue,
When I did rescue thee on *Mile-end Greene*,
Now is the time, now let me haue thy ayd,
To gull my brothers of that beauteous maide.

Crip. Sir, what I promisde I will now performe;
My loue is yours, my life to doe you good,
Which to approoue, follow me but in all,
Weele gull your brothers in the wench, and all.

Fran. Sailt thou me so friend, for that very word
My life is thine, command my hand and sword.

Crip. Then let me see this letter; it should seeme
You vnder-tooke to carry from your brother
To the maide.

Frank. I did, and from my brother *Ferdinand*,
This other letter to the same effect.
Crip. Well, list to me, and follow my aduise,
You shall deliuer neither of them both;
But frame two letters of your owne inuention.
Letters of flat deniall to their sutes,
Giue them to both your brothers as from *Phillis*,
And let each line in either Letter tend
To the dispraise of both their features;
And the conclusion I would haue set downe,
A flat resolue bound with some zealous oath,
Neuer to yeeld to eyther of their sutes:
And if this sort not well to your content,
Condemne the Cripple.
Frank. but this will aske much time,
And they by this time looke for my returne.
Crip. Why then my selfe will fit you presently,
I haue the Coppies in my custody,
Of sundry Letter, to the same effect.
Frank. Of thy owne writing?
Crip. My owne I assure you, sir.
Frank. Faith thou hast robd some Sornet booke on other,
And now wouldst make me thinke they are thine owne.
Crip. Why thinkst thou that I cannot write a letter,
Ditty, or Sonnet with iudiciall phrase,
As pretty, pleasing, pathetically,
As the best *Ouid* imitating dunce
In all the towne.
Frank. I thinke thou canst not.
Crip. Yea, ile sweare I cannot,
Yet sirra, I could conny-catch the world,
Make my selfe famous for a sodaine wit,
And be admirde for my dexteritie,
Where I dispose.
Frank. I prethee how.
Crip. Why thus there liu'd a Poet in this towne,
(If we may tearme our moderne Writers Poets)
Sharp-witted, bitter-tongd, his penne of steele,

His inke was temperd with the biting iuyce,
And extracts of the bitterſt weedes that grew,
He neuer wrot but when the elements
Of Fire and Water tilted in his braine:
This fellow ready to giue vp his ghoſt
To *Luciaes* boſome, did bequeathe to me
His Library, which was iuſt nothing,
But rolles, and ſcrolles, and bundles of caſt wit,
Such as durſt neuer viſit Paules church-yard:
Amongſt them all, I happened on a quire
Or two of paper filld with Songs and Ditties,
And heere and there a hungry Epigramme,
Theſe I reſerue to my owne proper vſe,
And Pater-noſter-like haue kon'd them all.
I could now when I am in company,
A talehouſe, tauerne, or an ordinary,
Vpon a theame make an extemporall ditty,
(Or one at leaſt ſhould ſeeme extemporall)
Out of th'aboundance of this Legacie,
That all would iudge it, and report it too,
To be the infant of a ſodaine wit,
And then were I an admirable fellow.

Frank. This were a peece of cunning.

Crip. I could doe more, for I could make enquirie
Where the beſt witted Gallants vſe to dine,
Follow them to the tauerne, and there ſit
In the next roome with a calues head and brimſtone,
And ouer-heare their talke, obſerue their humors,
Collect their jeaſts, put them into a play,
And tire them too with payment to behold
What I haue filcht from them. This I could doe:
But O for ſhame that man ſhould ſo arraigne
Their owne feeſimple wits, for verball theft!
Yet men there be that haue done this and that,
And more by much more than the moſt of them.

Frank. But to our purpoſe *Cripple* to theſe letters.

Cripple. I haue them ready for you, heere they be,
Giue theſe to your two brothers, ſay that *Phillis*

Deliuered them with frownes, and though her name
Be not subscribde (which may not well be done)
It may perhaps giue them occasion
To thinke she scornd them so much grace and fauour.
This done, returne to me, and let me know
Th'occurrants of this practise as they growe,
And so farewell, I can no longer stand
To talke with you, I haue some worke in hand. *Exit.*

Frank. Farewell mad *Cripple*, now *Franke Golding* flie,
To put in practise this new pollicie:
But soft, heere comes the Maide, I will assay

Enter Phillis and Fiddle.

To pleade my owne loue by a stranger way,
By your leaue sir.

Fid. Porter, I am not for you, you see I am perambulating before a female.

Frank. I would craue but a word with you:

Fid. Speake in time then Porter, for otherwise I doe not loue to answer you, and be as briefe as you can, good Porter.

Fran. I pray you sir, what Gentlewoman is this?

Fiddle. Certes Porter, I serue a Gentleman, that Gentleman is father to this Gentlewoman, this Gentlewoman is a maide, this maide is faire, and this faire maide belongeth to the Exchange, and the Exchange hath not the like faire maide: now Porter, put all this together, and tel me what it spels.

Frank. I promise you sir, you haue posde me.

Fid. Then you are an asse Porter, tis the faire Maide of the Exchange.

Fran. Her name I pray you sir.

Fiddle. Her name Porter requires much poeticalitie in the subscription; and no lesse iudgement in the vnderstanding; her name is *Phillis*, not *Phillis* that same dainty lasse that was beloued of *Amintas*, nor *Phillis*, shee that doated on that comely youth *Demophoon*, but this is *Phillis*, that most strange *Phillis*, the flower of the Exchange.

Phi,

Phil. What, would that Porter any thing with me?

Frank. Yes Mistris, since by chance I meete you heere,
Ile tell you, though it not concernes my selfe,
What I this morning saw; there is a Gentleman
One master *Golding* the yongest of three brothers,
They call him *Franke*; O this man lies very sicke,
I being at his house perchance enquired
What his disease was of a seruant there,
Who said, the Doctors cannot tell themselues,
But in his fittes he euer calles on Loue,
And prayes to Loue for pitty, and then names you,
And then names Loue againe, and then calles *Phillis*,
And sometimes starts, and would forsake his bed,
And being askt whither, he sayes he would goe to *Phillis*,
My businesse call'd me hence, but I heard say
His friends doe meane to intreate you to takes the paines
To visit him, because they doe suppose,
The sicke man loues you, and thence his sickness growes.

Phil. Porter is this true?
Or art thou hired to this, I prethee tell me.

Frank. Mistris, not hired, my name is Trusty *Iohn*.
If I delude you, neuer trust me more.

Phil. I thanke thee Porter, and thanke Loue withall,
That thus hath wrought the tyrant *Goldings* fall,
He once scorn'd Loue, ieasted at wounded hearts,
Challengde almightie beauty, raild at passion,
And is he now caught by the eyes and heart?
Now by *Dianaes* milke-white vaile I sweare,
The goddesse of my maiden chaste desires,
I am as glad of it as glad may be,
And I will see him, if but to laugh at him,
And torture him with ieasts; *Fiddle*, along,
When we returne, if they doe send for me,
Ile arme my selfe with flowts and crueltie.

Fiddle. Porter, we commit you, if you be a crafty knaue, and lay in the winde for a vantage, you haue your answere: marke her last words, ile arme my selfe with flowtes and cruelty. *Exeunt.*

Frank.

Frank. Ile arme my selfe with floutes and crueltie.
Will you so *Phillis*, what a state am I in?
Why I of all am furthest from her loue:
Sblood, if I now should take conceit at this,
Fall sicke with loue indeed, were not my state
Most lamentable? I by this hand were it:
Well heart, if thou wilt yeeld, looke to thy selfe,
Thou wilt be tortur'd, well what remedie.

Enter Anthonie.

Here comes my brother *Anthonie*, I am for him.
Anth. Porter, what newes? spake you with *Phillis*?
Frank. I too late, to my griefe,
Spoke with her, sir, Yfaith I thinke I haue;
Heer's a letter for you, and by that
You shall be iudge if I did speake with her;
Now Cripple, shall we proue your learned wit?
Anth. Zounds am I mad, or is she mad that writ this?
Ile reade it or'e againe.

A Letter.

Sir, I did neuer like you, I do not now thinke well of you, and I will neuer loue you: I choose my husband with my eyes, and I haue seene some especiall fault in you; as the colour of your haire, the eleuating of your head, to an affected proportion, as if you fainted for want of aire, and stood in that manner to sucke it into your nose, your necke is too long: and to be short, I like no part in or about you: and the short and the long boy, is, that I will neuer loue you, and I will neuer marry but one I loue.

Not yours, but her owne.

Anth. Blancke, I am strucke blancke, and blind, and mad withall,
Heere is a flat denyall to my suite,
A resolution neuer to be wonne:
What shall I doe? assist me god of loue,
Instruct me in thy schoole-tricks; be my guide
Out of this laborinth of loue and feare,
Vnto the pallace of faire *Phillis* fauour:

I haue it; I will intimate her mother
In my behalfe, with letters and with gifts,
To her Ile write to be my aduocate:
Porter farewell, ther's for thy paines,
Thy profite by this toyle passeth my gaines. *Exit.*

Frank. You haue your answer, and a kind one too;
Cripple ile make thee crutches of pure siluer
For this deuise, thou hast a golden wit:
Now if my brother *Ferdinand* were heere
To reade his absolution, heere he comes.

Enter Ferdinand.

Brother. *Ferd. Franke.*
What hast thou giuen the letter to her hand,
And staid my brother *Anthonies* withall?

Frank. I haue done both, and more then that, behold
Heere is an answere to your letter brother.

Anth. Franke, I will loue thee, whiles I liue for this.

Franke. Scarce, when you reade what there contained is.

A Letter.

GAllant, that write for loue, if you had come your selfe you might perchance haue sped; I doe not counsell you neither, to come your selfe, vnlesse you leaue your head at home, or weare a vizard, or come backe-wards, for I neuer looke you in the face but I am sicke: and so praying God to continue my health, by keeping you from me, I leaue you.

Ferd. O vnkinde answere to a Louers letter;
Let me surnay the end once more:

For I neuer looke you in the face but I am sicke: and so praying God to continue me in health, by keeping you from mee.

Is shee so farre from yeelding? is this fort
Of her chaste loue yet so impregnable?
What shall I doe? this is the furthest way,
A labour of impossibilities:
This way to winne her? I will once againe,
Challenge the promise that her father made me;
To him ile write, and he I know will pleade
My loue to *Phillis*, and so winne the maide. *Exit.*

Franke.

Frank. Farewell poore tortur'd heart; was euer knowne
Two louing brothers in such miserie?
Let me consider of my owne estate:
What profit do I reape by this delusion?
Why none; I am as farre from *Phillis* heart
As when she first did wound me with her eyes:
Cripple, to thee I come, tis thou must be
My counsellor in this extreamitie. *Exit.*

Enter Cripple, Bowdler, and Barnard.

Crip. Sirra *Bowdler*, what makes thee in this merry vaine?

Bowd. O Lord sir, it is your most elevated humor to be merry, to be concise, set vp the coller, and looke thus with a double chinne, like *Diogenes* peering ouer his Tub, is too cymicall, the signe of Melancholly, and indeede, the meere effect of a salt rheume.

Crip. Who would thinke this Gentleman yesterdayes distemperature should breed such motions? I thinke it be restoratiue to actiuitie, I neuer saw a Gentleman caper so excellent, as he did last night.

Bow. Meane you me sir?

Crip. Your owne selfe, by this hand.

Bowd. You gull me not.

Crip. How, gull you!
Me thinkes a man so well reputed of,
So well commended for your qualities
In Schooles of nimble actiuenesse,
And places where diuinest Querristers
Warble inchanting harmonie, to such
As thinke there is no heauen on earth but theirs:
And knowing your selfe to be the *Genius*
Of the spectators, and the audience hearts,
You wrong your worthy selfe intollerably,
To thinke our words sauour of flatterie.

Bowd. Sirra dogge, how didst thou like my last caper, and turne a the toe?

Crip. Before God passing well.

Bard. I know his worship made it, tis so excellent.

Bowd. It was my yesterdayes exercise.

Crip. After the working of your purgation, was it not?

Bowd. What purgation, you filthy curre?

Crip. After the purging of your braine Sir.

Bow. Be ſtill dogge, barke not, though by miſ-fortune
I was laſt night ſomewhat diſtempered:
I will not be vpbraided; t'was no more
But to refine my wit; but tell me truly,
How doſt thou like my caper?

Crip. Farre better than I can commend it.

Bowd. Now as I am a Gentleman
My Tutor was not witting of the ſame;
And in my opinion t'will doe excellent:
O this aire! heer's a moſt eloquious aire for the memorie,
I could ſpend the third part of my Armes in ſiluer,
To be encountred by ſome good wit or other.

Crip. What ſay you to your ſweet heart, *Mall Berry*?

Bowd. Peace Cripple, ſilence, name her not, I could not indure the carrier of her wit, for a million, ſhee is the onely ſhee *Mercury* vnder the heauens; her wit is all ſpirit, that ſpirit fire, that fire flies from her tongue, able to burne the radix of the beſt inuention; in this Element ſhee is the abſtract and briefe of all the eloquence ſince the incarnation of *Tullie*: I tell thee Cripple, I had rather incounter *Hercules* with blowes, then *Mall Berry* with words: And yet by this light I am horribly in loue with her.

Enter Mall Berry.

Crip. See where ſhe comes, O excellent!

Bowd. Now haue I no more blood then a bull-ruſh.

Barn. How now; what aile you ſir?

Crip. What's the matter man?

Bowd. See, ſee, that glorious angell doth approach,
What ſhall I doe?

Crip. Shee is a ſaint indeed; Zounds to her, court her, win her, weare her, wed her, and bed her too.

Bowd. I would it were come to that, I win her! by heauen, I am not furniſh'd of a courting phraſe, to throw at a dogge.

Crip. Why no, but at a woman you haue; O ſir, ſeeme not ſo doultiſh now, can you make no fuſtian; aske her if ſheele

take

take a pipe of Tobacco.

Bow. It will offend her iudgement, pardon me.

Crip. But heare you sir? reading so much as you haue done,
Doe you not remember one prety phrase,
To scale the walles of a faire wenches loue?

Bow. I neuer read any thing but *Venus* and *Adonis*.

Crip. Why thats the very quintessence o loue,
If you remember but a verse or two,
Ile pawne my head, goods, lands and all twill doe.

Bow. Why then haue at her.
Fondling I say, since I haue hemd thee heere,
Within the circle of this iuory pale,
Ile be a parke.

Mal. Hands off fond sir.

Bow. And thou shalt be my deere;
Feede thou on me, and I will feede on thee,
And loue shall feede vs both.

Ma. Feede you on woodcockes, I can fast awhile.

Bow. Vouchsafe thou wonder to alight thy steede.

Crip. Take heede, shees not on horsebacke.

Bow. Why then she is alighted,
Come sit thee downe where neuer serpent hisses,
And being set, ile smother thee with kisses.

Ma. Why is your breath so hot? now God forbid
I should buy kisses to be smothered.

Bow. Meane you me? you gull me not?

Ma. No, no, poore *Bowdler*, thou dost gull thy selfe:
Thus must I doe to shadow the hid fire,
That in my heart doth burne with hot desire:
O I doe loue him well what ere I say,
Yet will I not my selfe selfe loue bewray,
If he be wise he'l sue with good take heede:
Bowdler, doe so, and thou art sure to speede:
I will flie hence to make his loue the stronger,
Though my affection must ly hid the longer.
What master *Bowdler*, not a word to say? *Exit.*

Bow. No by my troth, if you stay heere all day.

Ma. Why then ile beare the bucklers hence away.

Crip. What master *Bowdle*, haue you let her passe vnconquerd?

Bow. Why what could I doe more? I lookt vpon her with iudgement, the strings of my tongue were well in tune, my embraces were in good measure, my palme of a good constitution, onely the phrase was not moouing; as for example, *Venus* her selfe with all her skill could not winne *Adonis*, with the same wordes: O heauens! was I so fond then to thinke that I could conquer *Mall Berry*? O the naturall fluence of my owne wit had beene farre better!

Godden good-fellow.

Enter Fiddle.

Fid. God giue you the time of the day, pardon mee Gallants, I was so neere the middle that I knew not which hand to take.

Bow. A very good conceit.

Fid. And yet becaus I will be sure to giue you a true salutation, *Cripple, quomodo vales?* Good morrow *Cripple*, goodden good Master *Barnard*, Master *Bowdler*, *Bonos noches*, as they say, good night; and thus you haue heard my manner of salutation.

Crip. You are very eloquent, sir; but *Fiddle*, what's the best newes abroad?

Fid. The best newes I know not sir, but the newest newes is most excellent yfaith.

Bar. Prethee lets heare it.

Fid. Why this it is, the Sericants are watching to arrest you at Master *Berreis* sute.

Barn. Wounds, where?

Fid. Nay, I know not where; alas sir, there is no such matter, I did but say so much, to make you warme the handle of your rapier: But M. *Bowdler*, I haue good newes for you.

Bow. Let me heare it, my sweet russeting.

Fid. How, russeting?

Bow. I my little apple Iohn.

Fid. You are a ———

Bow. A what?

Fid. You are a, — O that I could speake for indignation!

Bow. Nay what am I?

Fid. You are a pippinmonger to call me Russetting or apple Iohn.

Bow. Russetting, ile pare your head off.

Fid. You pippinmonger, Ile cut off your legs, and make you trauel so neere the mother earth, that euery boy shall bee high enough to steale apples out of thy basket, call me Russetting?

Crip. Nay, be friends, be friends.

Fid. As I am a gentleman cripple, I meant him no harme, but the name of Russetting to master *Fiddle*, that many times trauells vnder the arme in veluet, but for the most part in leather trussd with calue-skinne points, tis most vntolerable, and not to be indured, flesh and bloud cannot beare it.

Crip. Come, come, all shall be well.

Bow. *Fiddle*, giue me thy hand, a plague on thee, thou knowest I loue thee.

Fid. Say you so? why then anger auoid the roume, melancholy march away, choler to the next chamber, and heres my hand I am yours to command from this time foorth, your very mortall friend, and louing enemy, master *Fiddle*.

Bow. Now tell vs, what is the newes you had for me?

Fid. O, the sweet newes, faith sir; this it is, that I was sent to the Cripple from my young Mistris. Master Cripple you know I haue spent some time in idle words, therefore be you compendious, and tell me if my Mistris handkercher be done or no.

Crip. *Fiddle* tis done, & peace it is, cõmend me to thy mistris

Fid. After the most humble manner I will; and so gentlemen I commit you all: you Cripple to your shop; you sir, to a turn-vp and dish of capers; and lastly you M. *Barnard*, to the tuition of the Counter-keeper: ther's an Item for you, and so fare-well. *Exit.*

Crip. M. *Bowdler*, how doe you like his humour?

Bowd. By this light, I had not thought he clod had had so nimble a spirit: but Cripple farewell, Ile to *Mal Berry*, come *Barnard* along with me.

Crip. Farewell sweet Signiors both, farewel, farewel. *Exeunt.*

Enter M. Flower at one doore reading a letter from Ferdinand, at the other Mistris Flower, With a Letter from Anthony.

M. Flow.

Maſter Flo. The conceit is good, *Ferdinand* intreats a marriage with my daughter: good, very good: for he is a Gentleman of good carriage, a wiſe man, a rich man, a carefull man, and therefore worthy of my daughters loue: it ſhall be ſo.

Miſtris Flo. Mary and ſhall, kinde Gentleman, my furtherance ſaiſt thou? Yes *Anthony*, aſſure thy ſelfe, for by the motherly care that I beare to my daughter, it hath been a deſire that long hath lodgde within my carefull breaſt to match hir with thy well-deſeruing ſelfe; and to this end haue I ſent for my daughter, and chargde my ſeruants, that preſently vpon her repaire hither from her Miſtriſſes, that ſhee enter this priuate walke; where, and with whome, I will ſo worke, that doubt it not, deere ſonne, but ſhee ſhall be thine.

Maſter Flo. And I will make her ioyncture of a hundred pounds by yeare: it is a very good conceit, and why? becauſe the worthy portion betters my conceit, which being good in conceiuing well of the Gentlemans good parts, the proffered ioyncture addes to my conceit, and betters it; very good.

Miſtris Flo. A thouſand crowns for you to make the match prety heart, how loue can worke! by Gods bleſt mother, I vow ſhe ſhall be thine, if I haue any intereſt in my daughter;

Flower ſmiles reading the Letter, they ſnatch the Letter from each other.

but ſtay, whom haue I eſpied? my husband likewiſe reading of a Letter, and in ſo good an humour, ile lay my life, good Gentleman he hath alſo wrought with him for his good will; and for I long to know the truth thereof, my ſodaine purpoſe ſhall experience it. Whats heere husband?

She reades priuately, and frownes.

a Letter from maſter *Ferdinand*, to intreat a marriage with your daughter.

Maſter Flo. And here the like to you from *Anthony* to that effect, this is no good conceit, if ſhee bee mine, ſhee ſhall be *Ferdinands*

Miſtris Flo. If ſhee reſpect her mothers fauour,
Tis *Anthony* ſhall be her loue.

Maſter Flo. How wiſe?

Miſtris Flo. Euen ſo husband.

Maſter

Maister Flo. You will not crosse my purpose, will you?

Mistris Flo. In this you shall not bridle me I sweare.

Maister Flo Is she not my daughter?

Mistris Flo. You teach me husband, what your wife should say. I thinke her life is deerest vnto me,
Though you forget the long extreamitie,
And paine which I indur'd, when forth this wombe
With much adoe she did inioy the life she now doth breathe,
And shall I now suffer her destruction?

Maister Flo. Yea but a conceit me wife.

Mistris Flo. A figge for your conceits, in this I know there can be none that:
Say he be his fathers eldest sonne, and a Merchant of good Wealth; yet my deere *Anthonie's* as rich as he:
What though his portion was but small at first,
His industrie hath now increasde his talent;
And he that knoweth the getting of a penny,
Will feare to spend, she shall haue him, if any.

Maister Flo. By the Mary God wife, you vexe me.

Mistris Flo. Tis your owne impatience, you may chuse.

Maister Flo. I will not wed my daughter to that *Anthony*.

Mistris Flo. By this.

Maister Flo. Hold wife, hold, I aduise thee sweare not,
For by him that made me, first I vow,
Shee shall not touch the bed of *Anthony*.

Mistris Flo. And may I neuer liue (so God me helpe)
If euer she be wed to *Ferdinand*.

Maister Flo. The diuel's in this woman, how she thwartes me still!

Mistris Flo. Fret on, good husband, I will haue my will.

Maister Flo. But conceit me wife, suppose we should consent our daughter should wed either of them both, and shee dislike the match, were that a good conceit?

Mistris Flo. All's one for that, I know my daughters mind if I but say the word.

Maister Flo. I would be loath to wed her against her will,
Content thee wife, weele heare her resolution,
And as I finde her, to her owne content

To either of them she shall haue my consent.

Mistris Flo. Why now old *Flower* speaketh like himselfe.

Maister Flo. Agreed, and faith wife tis a good conceit.

Enter Phillis.

And see where my daughter comes: welcome girle,
How doth your Mistris *Phillis*? God blesse thee *Phillis*, rise.

Phil. God haue the glory, in perfect health she is.

Maister Flo. Tis good, I am glad she doth so well;
But list my daughter, I haue golden newes
To impart vnto thee:
A golden *Golding*, wench, must be thy husband,
Is't not a good conceit?

Phil. Father, I vnderstand you not.

Maister Flo. Then, my girle, thy conceit is very shallow,
Maister *Ferdinand Golding* is in loue with thee.

Mistris Flo. No daughter, tis thine *Anthony*.

Maister Flo. *Ferdinand* is rich, for he hath store of gold.

Mistris Flo. *Anthony* is rich, yet is not so old.

Maister Flo. *Ferdinand* is vertuous, full of modestie.

Mistris Flo. *Anthony's* more gracious, if more may be.

Maister Flo. *Ferdinand* is wise (being wise) who would not loue him.

Mistris Flo. *Anthony* more wise, then Girle desire to proue him.

Maister Flo. In *Ferdinand* is all the beauty that may be.

Mistris Flo. He is deceiu'd, tis in thine *Anthony*.

Phil. Deare Parents, you confound me with your words,
I pray what meane these hot persuasions?

Maister Flo. Thy good my daughter.

Mistris Flo. If but rulde by me.

Maister Flo. But for thy ill-fare.

Mistris Flo. If she tend to thee.

Maister Flo. The truth is this, that each of vs hath tane
A solemne vow, that thou my louing daughter
Shalt wed with one of those two Gentlemen:
But yet referre the choice vnto thy selfe,
One thou shalt loue, loue *Ferdinand*, if me.

Mistris Flo. If loue thy mother, loue thine *Anthonie*.

Phil. In these extreames what shall become of me?

I pray you giue me respite to consider
How to disgest these impositions,
You haue imposde a busines of such weight,
Pray God your daughter may discharge her selfe. (while.
Master Flo. Thinke on't, my girle, we will withdrawe a-
Phil. A little respite fits my resolution, *They walke.*
Those Gentles sue too late, there is another,
Of better worth, though not of halfe their wealth,
What though deform'd, his vertue mends that misse:
What though not rich, his wit doth better gold,
And my estate shall adde vnto his wants,
I am resolu'd (good father, and deere mother,)
Phillis doth choose a Cripple, and none other;
But yet I must dissemble.
Maister Flo. How now my soules best hope! tell mee, my
Shall *Ferdinand* be he? (girle,
Phil. I pray a word in priuate.
Maister Flo. Mary with all my heart.
Phil. In all the duty that a childe can shew,
The loue that to a father it doth owe;
I yeeld my selfe to be at your command,
And vow to wed no man but *Ferdinand.*
But if you please, at your departure hence,
You may inforce dislike to cloude your brow,
To auoide my mothers anger and suspition.
M. Flo. Before God a very good conceit,
Hence baggage, out of my sight,
Come not within my doores, thou hadst been better,
Runne millions of miles bare-footed, then
Thus by your coy disdaine to haue deluded me.
Oh mine owne flesh and blood, the mirror of wit!
Now will I hence, and with all the speed I may
Send for my sonne, ile haue it done this day. *Exit old Flow.*
Mistresse Flow. What, is he gone? and in so hot a chafe?
Well let him goe, I need not question why,
For well I wot his sute is cold, t'must die.
Daughter, I gather by thy pleasant smiles,
Thy mother hath more interest in thy loue,

Thou discontented *Flower* thy aged father.

Phil. Mother, you haue, for when I well consider
A mothers care vnto her deere bought childe,
How tenderly you nurs'd and brought me vp,
I could not be so much vnnaturall
As to refuse the loue you proffer me,
Especially being for my chiefest good;
Therefore who ere I married I intend to be,
My loyall husband shall be *Anthony*.

Mistris Fl. Liue euer then my deere deere daughter *Phillis*,
Let me imbrace thee in a mothers armes;
Thus, thus, and thus ile euer hugge my daughter,
Him hence thou sendst with frownes, me hence with laughter,
Come *Phillis*, let vs in.

Enter Mistris Flower.

Phil. Forsooth ile follow you.
Am not I a good childe thinke you,
To play with both hands thus against my parents?
Well, tis but a tricke of youth: say what they will,
Ile loue the Cripple, and will hate them still. *Exit.*

Enter Cripple in his shop, and to him enter Franke.

Franke. Mirrour of kindnesse, extremities best friend,
While I breathe, sweet blood, I am thine,
Intreate me, nay commaund thy *Frances* heart,
That wilt not suffer my insuing smart.

Crip. Sweet signior, my aduise in the reseruation of those Letters,
Which I will haue you hide from eye of day,
Neuer to feele the warmth of *Phœbus* beames,
Till my selfes care, most carefull of your weale,
Summon those lines vnto the barre of Ioy.

Franke. I will not erre, deere friend, in this command.

Cripple. So much for that, now listen further *Franke*,
Not yet two houres expiration,
Haue taken finall end, since Beauties pride,
And Natures better part of workemanship,

Beaute-

Beauteous *Phillis* was with me consorted,
Where she mongst other pleasing conference,
Burst into termes of sweet affection,
And said, ere long she would conuerse with me
In priuate at my shop, whose wounded soule
Strucke with loues golden arrow liues in dread,
Till she doe heare the sentence of my loue.
Or be condemn'd by iudgement of fell hate.
Now since that gracious opportunitie
Thus smiles on me, I will resigne the same
To you my friend, knowing my vnworthy selfe
Too foule for such a beautie, and too base
To match in brightnesse with that sacred comet,
That shines like *Phœbus* in Londons Element;
From whence inferior starres deriue their light:
Wherefore I will immediatly you take
My crooked habite, and in that disguise
Court her, yea win her, for she will be wonne,
This will I doe, to pleasure you my friend.

Frank. For which my loue to thee shall neuer end.

Crip. About it then, assume this shape of mine,
Take what I haue, for all I haue is thine?
Supply my place, to gaine thy hearts desire,
So may you quench two hearts that burne like fire:
Shee's kind to mee, be she as kinde to you,
What admiration will there then insue?
Franke, I will leaue thee, now be thou fortunate,
That we with ioy your loues may consummate,
Farewell, farewell, when I returne againe,
I hope to finde thee in a pleasing vaine. *Exit.*

Fran. Farewell deere friend; was euer known a finer policie
Now brothers, haue amongst you for a third part,
Nay, for the whole, or by my soule, ile loose all,
What though my father did bequeath his lands
To you my elder brethren, the moueables I sue for
Were none of his: and you shall runne through fire,
Before you touch one part of my desire:
Am I not like my selfe in this disguise,

Crooked in ſhape, and crooked in my thoughts?
Then am I a Cripple right, come wench, away,
Thy abſence breeds a terror to my ſtay.

Enter Phillis.

Yonder ſhe comes, now frame thy hands to draw,
A worſer workeman neuer any ſaw.

Phil. Yea yonder ſits the wonder of mine eye;
I haue not been the firſt whom deſtinie
Hath thwarted thus; imperious Loue,
Either withdraw the ſhaft that wounds my heart,
Or grant me patience to indure my ſmart:
Remorceleſſe loue, had any but thy ſelfe
Beene priuie to my direfull paſsion,
How I conſume and waſte my ſelfe in loue,
They would haue beene, yea, much more pittifull:
But all auailes not; demaunding for my worke
Shall be a meanes to haue ſome conference.

Shee ſpeakes to Franke.

Good morrow to you, Is my handkercher done?

Frank. Yea Miſtreſſe *Flower*, it is finiſhed.

Phil. How ſweetly tunes the accent of his voyce!
Oh, do not blame me, deereſt loue aliue,
Though thus I dote in my affection;
I toyle, I labor, and I faine would thriue,
And thriue I may if thou wouldſt giue direction:
Thou art the ſtarre whereby my courſe is led,
Be gracious then, bright ſunne, or I am dead.

Frank. Faire Miſtreſſe *Phillis*, ſuch wanton toyes as theſe,
Are for yong Nouices that will ſoone be pleaſde,
The carefull thoughts that hammer in my braine,
Bid me abandon wanton loue; tis vaine.

Phil. For me it is.

Frank. Is my vngarniſhed, darke, and obſcure Cell,
A manſion fit for all-commanding loue?
No, if thou wilt ſport with loue,
And dally with that wanton amorous boy;
Hie thee vnto the odoriferous groues.

Phil. There is no groues more pleaſant vnto me,

Then

Then to be ſtill in thy ſocietie.

Frank. There of the choiſeſt fragrant flowers that grow
Thou maiſt deuiſe ſweete roſeat Corronets,
And with the Nimphs that haunt the ſiluer ſtreames,
Learne to entice the affable yong wagge,
There ſhalt thou finde him wandring vp and downe,
Till ſome faire ſaint impale him with a crowne:
Be gone I ſay, and doe not trouble me,
For to be ſhort, I cannot fancy thee.

Phil. For to be ſhort, you cannot fancie me:
Oh cruell word, more hatefull then pale death,
Oh, would to God it would conclude my breath.

Frank. Forbeare, forbeare, admit that I ſhould yield:
Thinke you, your father would applaud your choice.

Phil. Doubt not thereof, or if he doe not, alls one,
So you but grant to my affection.

Crip. I am too baſe. *Phil.* My wealth ſhall raiſe thee vp.

Crip. I am deform'd. *Phil.* Tut, I will beare with that.

Crip. Your friends diſlike brings all this out of frame.

Phil. By humble ſute I will redreſſe the ſame.

Frank. Now to employ the vertue of my ſhape:
Faire miſtreſſe,
If heretofore I haue remorſeleſſe beene,
And not eſteemd your vndeſerued loue,
Whereby in the glaſſe of your affection
I ſee my great vnkindneſſe; forgiue what's paſt,
And here I proffer all the humble ſeruice
Your hie prized loue doth merrit at my hands,
Which I confeſſe is more then I vnable
Can gratifie: therefore command my toyle,
My trauell, yea, my life to pleaſure you.

Phil. I take thee at thy word, prowd of thy ſeruice,
But yet no ſeruant ſhalt thou be of mine,
I will ſerue thee, command, and ile obey:
This doth my ſoule more good, yea, ten times more,
Then did thy harſh deniall harme before,
Let vs imbrace like two vnited friends,
Heere loue begins, and former hatred ends.

Enter

Enter Ferdinand and Anthonie walking together:

Ferd. Brother *Anthony*, what newes from *Venice*?
Are your ſhips returne'd? I had rather *aſide.*
Heare newes from *Phillis*: Oh, brother *Franke*,
Thy abſence makes me burne in paſsion.

Anth. Sir, I had letters from my factors there
Some three dayes ſince; but the returne of one, *aſide.*
Of one poore letter, yet not anſwered,
Makes me ſtarke madde: a plague vpon that Porter,
Damn'd may he be for thus deluding me.

Ferdinand ſpies Phillis and turnes backe.

How now brother, why retire you ſo?

Ferd. Yonders a friend of mine acquaintance,
With whom I would gladly haue ſome conference,
I pray thee ſtay I will returne immediatly.

Goe to Phillis and court her to themſelues:

Anth. Of your acquaintance; is ſhe ſo good brother?
Onely with you acquainted, and no other?
Faith ile trie that; take heed ſir what you doe:
If you begin to court, I needs muſt woe, *Goe to her too.*
Brother haue you done?

Ferd. But two words more at moſt:
You haue not then receiu'd any ſuch letter?
A vengeance take the lazie meſſenger;
Brother if I liue, ile quittance thee for this,

Fran. Good words, deere brother, threatned men liue long.

Anth. You haue done. *Ferd.* Yes.

Anth. Then by your leaue brother,
You had one word, I muſt haue another. *Talke ni priuate:*

Ferd. I know our buſineſſe tends to one effect.
O that villaine *Franke*, it mads my ſoule
I am ſo wrong'd, by ſuch a fooliſh Boy.

Frank. That fooliſh boy may chance prooue to be witty:
What, and the elder brothers fooles? Oh ti's pittie!

Anth. That villanie Porter hath deluded me,
Confuſion guerdon his baſe villaine.

Frank. What are you curſing too? then we catch no fiſh:
Comes there any more, heeres two Snights to a diſh.

Ferd.

Ferd. Well, since I haue such opportunitie,
Ile trust no longer to vncertaintie.

He courts her againe in priuate.

Anth. At it so hard brother? well, woe apace,
A while I am content to giue you place,

Franke. Well, to her both, both doe the best you can;
I feare young *Franke* will prooue the happier man.

Phil. You haue your answere, trouble me no more.

Ferd. Yet this is worse then my suspence before,
For then I liu'd in hope, now hope is fled.

Anth. What, male-content? is *Ferdinand* strooke dead,
Fortune be blithe, and aide the second brother.

Talke in priuate.

Frank. Thinke you to haue more fauour then an other?
To her a Gods name, liue not in suspence,
While you two striue, I needs must get the wench.

Phil. I am resolu'd, and, sir you know my minde.

Frank. What, you repulst too? *Phillis* is too vnkinde.

Phil. Here sits my Loue, within whose lously brest
Liues my content, and all my pleasures rest,
And for a further confirmation,
Which to approoue, euen in sight of both you here present,
I giue my hand, and with my hand, my heart,
My selfe, and all to him; and with this ring
Ile wed my selfe.

Frank. I take thy offering,
And for the gift you gaue to me, take this,
And let vs seale affection with a kisse.

Ferd. Oh sight intollerable.

Anth. A spectacle worse then death.

Frank. Now Gentlemen, please you draw neere and listen to the Cripple.

Giue them the letters and they stampe and storme.

Know you that letter? sir, what say you to this?

Both. How came they to your hands?

Frank. Sirs, a Porter euen of late left them with me,
To be deliuered to this Gentlewoman.

Anth. A plague vpon that Porter; if ere I meete him,

My rapiers point with a deaths wound shall greet him. *Exit.*

Ferd. Franke thou art a villaine, thou shalt know't ere long,
For proffering me such vndeserued wrong. *Exit.*

Frank. So, vomit forth the rheume of all your spight,
These threats of yours procure me more delight.

Phil. Now gentle loue, all that I haue to say,
Is to entreat you seeke without delay,
My fathers kinde consent, for thou hast mine,
And though he storme yet will I still be thine;
Make triall then, tis but thy labour lost,
Though he denie thee, it requires no cost.

Frank. I will assaile with expedition.

Phil. God, and good fortune go with thee, farewell. *Exit.*

Frank. Well, I will goe, but not in this disguise;
Arme thee with policie *Franke*, *Franke* must be wise:
Now would the substance of this borrowed shape
Were here in presence, and see where he comes.

Enter the Cripple.

Poore in the well fram'd limbes of nature, but
Rich in kindnesse beyond comparison.
Welcome deere friend, the kindest soule aliue,
Here I resigne thy habite backe againe,
Whereby I prooue the happiest man that breathes.

Crip. Hast thou then, sweet blood, beene fortunate?

Frank. Hearke, I will tell thee all: *Whisper in priuate*

Enter Bowdler, Mall Berry, and Ralfe, Bowdler capers and sings.

Ralf Faith sir, me thinkes of late you are very light.

Bowd. As a feather, sweet Rogue, as a feather:
Haue I not good cause, sweet *Mall*, sweet *Mall*,
Hath she not causde the same: well, if I liue, sweet wench,
Either by night or day I will requite your kindnesse.

Franke. Now I will take my leaue, to put the same in practise. *Exit Franke.*

Crip. Good fortune waite on thee.

Bowd. Mall, thou art mine, by thine owne consent;
How saist thou *Mall*?

Mall. Yes forsooth.

Ralfe. I am witnesse sir.

Bowd.

Bowd. But that is not sufficient *Mall*, if thou art content *Mall*, heer's a Rogue hard by, a friend of mine, whom I will acquaint with our loues, and hee shall bee partaker of the match.

Ralfe Nay sir, if you meane to haue partners in the match, I hope *Ralfe* can helpe to serue your wiues turne as well as another, what ere he be. How say you Mistresse?

Mall. Alls one to me, whom he please.

Bowd. Come then sweet *Mall*, weele to the Drawer,
There to dispatch what I further intend.

Mall. And well remembred husband.

Ralfe. A forward maiden by this light; husband before the Clarke hath said Amen.

Mal. He hath worke of mine, I pray forget it not.

Bowd. I will not *Mall.* Now you lame Rogue, where is this maidens worke? my wiues worke you rascall, quicke, giue it her?

Crip. Sweet Seignior, the sweet Nimphes worke is almost finished, but sweete blood, you driue me into admiration with your latter words, your sweet wiues worke, I admire it!

Bowd. I yee halting Rascall, my wiues worke; shee's my Wife before God and *Ralfe*, how saist thou *Mall*, art thou not?

Mol. Yes forsooth, and to confirme the same,
Heere in this presence, I plight my faith againe;
And speake againe, what erst before was said,
That none but you shall haue my maiden-head.

Bowd. A good wench *Mall*, ifaith, now will I to thy father for his good will, Cripple, see you remember what is past, for I will call thee in question for a witnesse if needs require, farewell curre, farewell dogge. *Exit. Bowdler and Ralfe.*

Crip. Adue fond humorist, Parenthesis of iests,
Whose humour like a needlesse Cypher fils a roome:
But now *Mall Berry*, a word or two with you:
Hast thou forgotten *Barnet*? thy thoughts were bent with him.

Mall. O him Cripple! for what? was it for marriage?

Crip. It was for loue, why not for marriage? O monstrous!
Were I a maide and should be so bewitch'd,
I'de pull my eyes out that did lend me light,

Exclaime againſt my fortune, banne my ſtarres,
And teare my heart, ſo yeelding her conſent
To *Bowdlers* loue, that froth of complement.
Mal. Cripple, you loſe your time, with your faire teares
To circumuent my heart: *Bowdler* I loue thee,
Barnard I hate, and thou ſhalt neuer mooue me.
Crip. I will; thou doſt loue *Barnard*, and I can prooue it.
Mal. That I loue *Barnard!* by heauens I abhorre him.
Crip. Thou lou'ſt him, once againe I ſay, thou lou'ſt him,
For all thou haſt borne *Bowdler* ſtill in hand.
Mal. What wilt thou make me mad? I ſay, I hate him.
Crip. I ſay thou lou'ſt him: haue not I beene at home,
And heard thee in thy chamber praiſe his perſon,
And ſay he is a proper little man,
And pray that he would be a ſuter to thee?
Haue I not ſeene thee in the Bay-window
To ſit croſſe-armde, take counſell of thy glaſſe,
And prune thy ſelfe to pleaſe yong *Barnards* eye?
Sometimes curling thy haire, then practiſing ſmiles,
Sometimes rubbing thy filthy butter-teeth,
Then pull the haires from off thy beetle-browes.
Painting the veines vpon thy breaſts with blew,
An hundred other trickes I ſaw thee vſe,
And all for *Barnard.*
Mal. For *Barnard!* twas for *Bowdler.*
Crip. I ſay, for *Barnard.*
Nay more, thou knowſt I lay one night at home,
And in thy ſleepe I heard thee call on *Barnard*
Twentie times ouer.
Mal. Will you be ſworne I did.
Crip. I, I will ſweare it:
And art thou not aſhamde thus to be changde,
To leaue the loue of a kinde Gentleman
To dote on *Bowdler*? Fie, fie, reclaime thy ſelfe:
Imbrace thy *Barnard* take him for thy husband,
And ſaue his credite, who is elſe vndone,
By thy hard fathers hatefull crueltie.
Mal. Cripple, If thou canſt prooue that euer I

Did

Did fancie *Barnard*, I will loue him ſtill.
Crip. Why ile be ſworne thou did.
Mal. And that I doated on him in my ſleepe.
Crip. Ile be ſworne I could not ſleepe all night
In the next roome, thou didſt ſo raue on him.
Mal. I cannot tell, I may well be deceiu'd,
I thinke I might affect him in my ſleepe,
And yet not know it; let me looke on him,
Yfaith he is a pretty hanſome fellow,
Tis pitty he ſhould waſte himſelfe in priſon;
Hey ho.
Crip. Whats the matter wench?
Mal. Cripple, I will loue him.
Crip. Wilt thou yfaith?
Mal. Yfaith I will. *Enter two Serieants*
Crip. Giue me thy hand, a bargaine, tis enough.
Mal. But how ſhall he know I loue him?
Crip. Why thus: I will intreate the Serieants
To goe with him along vnto thy father,
And by the way ile ſend yong *Bowdler* from vs,
And then acquaint my *Barnard* with thy loue,
He ſhall accept it and auouch the ſame.
Vnto thy father, wench do thou the like,
And then I hope his bonds are cancelled.
Barn. Cripple, ſhall we haue your company?
Crip. My friends, hold here, theres mony for your paines,
Walke with your priſoner but to maiſter *Berry*,
And ye ſhall either finde ſufficient baile,
Or elſe diſcharge the debt, or I aſſure you
Weele be your ayde to guarde him ſafe to priſon.
1. *Serieant.* Well, we are willing ſir, we are content
To ſhew the Gentleman any kind of fauour.
Crip. Along then; hearke maſter *Bowdler*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Maſter Flower, Miſtris Flower, Maſter Berry, and Fiddle.

Maſter. Flo. Welcome good maſter *Berry*, is your ſtomach vp ſir? It is a good conceit yfaith.

Fiddle. It is indeede sir.

Maister Flo. What, *Fiddle*!

Fid. If his stomacke be vp to goe to dinner.

Maister Flo. Fiddle, bid Maister *Berry* welcome.

Fid. What else Maister? with the best belly in my heart, the sweetest straine in my musicke, and the worst entertainment that may be, *Fiddle* bids your worship *adesdum.*

Berry. Thankes *Fiddle*, and Maister *Flower*, I am much beholding to your curtesie.

Mistris Flo. Fiddle, I wonder that he staies so long,
Thou toldst me *Anthony* would follow thee.

Fid. I, and heele be heere I warrant you.

Maister Flo. Ile tell you sir, it is a rare conceit,
My wife would haue her marry *Anthony*,
The yonger brother, but against her minde,
I will contract her vnto *Ferdinand*,
And I haue sent for you and other friends,
To witnes it; and tis a good conceit.

Mistris Flo. Fiddle, are all things ordred well within?

Fid. Alls well, alls well, but there wants some saffron,
To colour the custards withall.

Mistris Flo. Heere, take my keyes, bid *Susan* take enough.

Maister Flo. Fiddle, are all our guests come yet?

Fid. I sir, and here comes one more than you lookt for.

Enter Franke. *Exit.*

Franke. God saue you Maister *Flower*, as much to you Maister *Berry*.

Maister Flo. Welcome M. *Golding*, yare very welcome sir.

Franke. My brother *Ferdinand* commends him to you,
And heer's a letter to you from himselfe.

Maister Flo. A letter sir, it is a good conceit,
Ile reade it strait.

Giues the other Letter to Mistris Flower.

Maister *Flower*, I am beholding to you for your kindnesse, and your furtherance in my loue-suite, but my minde is changed, and I will not marry your daughter, and so farewell.
This is no good conceit: what *Ferdinand*,
Delude old *Flower*, make me deceiue my friends,

Make

Make my wife laugh, and triumph in her will,
What thinke you Fiddle?

Fid. Why sir I thinke it is no good conceit.

Maſter Flo. Thou ſaiſt true Fiddle, tis a bad conceit.
But heare you ſir, *Miſtris Flower readeſ her Letter.*
I vnderſtand by Fiddle your forwardneſſe in my ſute to your daughter: but neuertheles I am determined to drawe backe, and commit your daughter to her beſt fortunes, and your ſelfe to God; Farewell.
Why this is like my husbands bad conceit,
Haue you ore-reachd me Flower, you crafty fox?
This is your doing, but for all your ſleight
Ile croſſe you if my purpoſe hit aright.

Fra. Tut, tell not me ſir, for my credite and reputation is as it is, and theres an end: if I ſhall haue her, why ſo.

Maſter Flo. Sir, th. conceit is doubtfull, giue me leaue but to conſider of it by my ſelfe.

Fran. With all my heart,

Miſtris Flo. Maſter *Golding*, a word I pray ſir,
You know my daughter *Phillis*, doe you not?

Frank. Miſtris, I doe.

Miſtris Flo. She is a ſtarre I tell you.

Frank. She is no leſſe indeede.

Miſtris Flo. I tell you ſir vpon the ſodaine now,
There came an odde conceit into my head,
Are you a batcheller?

Fran. I am indeede.

Miſtris Flo. And are not you promiſed?

Frank. Not yet beleeue me.

Maſter Flo. Maſter *Golding*.

Miſtris Flo. Well, do you heare ſir? if you will be pleaſde
To wed my daughter *Phillis*, you ſhall haue her.

Fran. To wed your daughter, why ſhe loues me not.

Miſtris Flo. Alls one for that, ſhe will be rulde by me:
Diſdaine her not becauſe I proffer her,
I tell you ſir, Merchants of great account
Haue ſought her loue, and Gentlemen of worth,
Haue humbly ſued to me in that behalfe:

To say the truth, I promisde her to one,
But I am crossd and thwarted by my husband,
Who meanes to marry hir vnto another:
Now sir, to cry but quittance for his guile,
I offer her to you; if you accept her,
Ile make her dowrie richer by a paire
Of hundred pounds than else it should haue beene.
Frank. Why this is excellent, past all compare,
Sued to, to haue her; gentle mistris *Flower*,
Let me consider of it.
Mistris Flo. Nay, nay, deferre no time if you will haue her,
Ile search my coffers for another hundred.
Frank. Say I should yeeld, your husband will withstand it.
Mistris Flo. Ile haue it closely done without his knowledge;
Is it a match?
Frank. Well, well, I am content.
Mast. Fl. Why then old *Flower*, ile crosse your close content.
Master Fl. It shall be so; and tis a good conceit.
It shall be so if but to crosse my wife,
Hearke master *Golding*, the conceit doth like me.
You loue my daughter; so me thought you said;
You said moreouer, that she loues me well,
This loue on both sides is a good conceit.
But are you sure sir, that my daughter loues you?
Frank. For proofe thereof shew her this ring.
Master Flo. A ring of hers! tis well.
Frank. I but conceit mee,
If I had wood her in my proper shape,
I doe beleeue she neuer would haue likde me,
Therefore since I shall haue her, giue me leaue
To come and court hir in my borrowed shape.
Master Flo. With all my heart, and tis a good conceit,
And heeres my hand, sonne *Golding*, thou shalt haue her.
Frank. Then father *Flower*, I rest vpon your promise,
Ile leaue you for a while, till I put on
My counterfeited shape, and returne. *Exit.*
Master Flo. Welcome good sonne, tis well, by this conceit
My wife will be preuented of her will:

I would

I would not for the halfe of my wealth,
My crosse-word wife had compasde her intent:
Now wife.

Mistris Flo. Now husband.

Maister Flo. You still maintaine the sute for *Anthony*,
Youle haue your will, and I must breake my word.

Mist. Flo. Ieast on old *Flower*, be crosse, and do thy worst,
Worke the best meanes thou canst, yet whiles I liue
I sweare she neuer shall wed *Ferdinand*.

Maister Flo. What shall she not?

Mistris Flo. No that she shall not.

Maister Flo. I say, she shall.

Mistris Flo. Yfaith she shall not.

Maister Flo. No!

Mistris Flo. No.

Maister Flo. Well wife, I am vext, and by Gods precious,

Maister Berry. O sir, be patient gentle Mistris *Flower*,
Crosse not your husband, let him haue his will.

Mistris Flo. His will! (humor,

Master Flo. Hearst thou wife, be quiet, thou knowest my
Thus to be crosde, it is no good conceit.

Mistris Flo. A fig for your conceit; yet for because,
I know I shall preuent him of the match,
That he intends, henceforth I will dissemble.
Well Maister *Flower*, because it shall be saide,
And for kinde Maister *Berry* may report
The humble loyaltie I beare to you,
Such as a wife should doe vnto her husband,
I am content to yeeld to your desires,
Protesting, whiles I liue, I neuer more
Will speake that *Anthony* may marry her.

Maister Flo. Wife, speakst thou with thy heart?

Mistris Flo. Husband, I doe.

Maister Flo. Doost thou iudeede?

Mistris Flo. Indeede forsooth I doe.

Maister Flo. Then tis a good conceit: ha, ha;
I see tis sometimes good to looke aloft,
Come hither wife, because thou art so humble,

Ile tell thee all, I haue receiu'd a letter
From *Ferdinand*, wherein he ſends me word,
He will not marry with my daughter *Phillis*,
And therefore I was full determined
To croſſe thy purpoſe, that his brother *Franke*
Should marry her, and ſo I ſtill intend:
What ſaiſt thou wife, doſt thou aſſent thereto?

Miſt. Flo. That *Franke* ſhould marry her, I haue ſworne he ſhall,
And ſince this falles ſo right, ile not diſcloſe,
That I did meane ſo much; but now Ile yeeld,
That it may ſeeme my true humilitie:
Husband, becauſe heereafter you may ſay,
And thinke me louing, loyall, and ſubmiſſe,
Iam content, *Franke* ſhall haue my conſent.

Maiſter Flo. Why now thou ſhew'ſt thy ſelfe obedient,
And thou doſt pleaſe me with thy good conceit.

Enter Barnard, Mall, and two Sericants.

Barn. By your leaue Maiſter *Flower*,
Berry I am arreſted at your ſute.

Berry. And I am glad of it with all my heart?
Hold friends, there's ſomewhat more for you to drinke,
Away with him to priſon.

Barn. Stay Maiſter *Berry*, I haue brought you baile.

Berry. What baile? where is your baile? here's none I know
Will bee thy baile, away with him to priſon.

Mall. Yes, I forſooth father, ile be his baile,
Body for body; thinke you ile ſtay at home,
And ſee my husband carried to the Iaile?

Berry. How, thy husband!

Mal. My husband I aſſure you,
Father, theſe Sericants both can witnes it.

1. *Ser.* We ſaw them both contracted man and wife,
And therefore thought it fit to giue you knowledge,
Before we carried him vnto the priſon.

Berry. But ile vndoe this contract, on my bleſsing
Daughter, come from him, hee's a reprobate.

Mall. He is my husband.

Berry. But thou ſhalt not haue him.

Mall.

Mall. Faith but I will, *Barnard*, speake for thy selfe.

Barn. Why M. *Berry*, tis well knowne to you,
I am a Gentleman, though by misfortune,
My ventures in the world haue somewhat faild me:
Say that my wealth disables my desert,
The difference of our blood supplies that want?
What though my lands be morgagde, if you please,
The dowrie you intend to giue your daughter,
May well redeeme them. You perhaps imagine
I will be wilde, but I intend it not.
What shall I say? if you will giue consent,
As you redeeme my lands, so I my time ill spent
Meane to redeeme with frugall industry
Ile be your councells pupill, and submit
My follies to your will, mine to your wit.

Berry. What thinke you Maister *Flower*?

Maister Flo. Faith Maister *Berry*,
Barnard speakes well, and with a good conceit.

Mal. Doest thou loue him *Mall*?

Mal. Yes sir, and heere protest,
Of all in *London* I loue *Barnard* best.

Maister Flo. Then Maister *Berry*, follow my conceit,
Cancell his bond, and let him haue your daughter.

Berry. Well *Barnard*, since I see my daughter loues thee,
And for I hope thou wilt be kinde and louing,
Regard thy state, and turne an honest man,
Heere, take my daughter, ile giue thee in thy bond,
Redeeme thy lands, and if thou please me well,
Thou shalt not want, all that I haue is thine.

Barn. I am loue-bound to her, to you in duty,
You conquer me with kindnesse, she with beauty.

1. *Ser.* Then Maister *Berry* I thinke we may depart.

Berry. I, when you please, you see the matter ended,
The debt dischargde, and I can aske no more.

1. *Ser.* Why then we take our leaues. *Exeunt Serieants.*

Ma. Flo. Now wife, if yong *Franke Golding* were come back,
To summe our wish, it were a good conceit: *Enter Phi.*
Why how now *Phillis*, sad? come tell me wench,

Art thou resolu'd yet for to haue thy husband ?

Phil. A golden *Golding*, tis a good conceit.
That golden *Golding* is but loathsome drosse,
Nor is it golde that I so much esteeme ;
Dust is the richest treasure that we haue,
Nor is the beauty of the fairest one,
Of higher price or valew vnto me,
Than is a lumpe of poore deformity.
Father, you know my minde, and what I saide,
Which if you graunt not, I will rest a maide. *Enter Fid.*

Master Flo. To die a maide, that is no good conceit.

Fid. Maister, where's my maister? heere's one would couple a brace of words with you.

Master Flo. With me sir?

Fid. No sir, with my yong Mistris.

Mistris Flo. What is he knaue ?

Fid. A crooked knaue sir, tis the Cripple.

Mai. Flo. What would he haue ? he hath no good conceit,
Tis he that hath bewitcht my daughters heart,
He is a knaue, goe send him packing hence.

Phil. As you respect the welfare of your childe,
Deere father, let me speake with him.

Maister Flo. Speake with him ! no, it is no good conceit,
I know he comes to runne away with thee.

Fid. Runne away with her ? well may thee carry him, but if he runne away with her, ile neuer trust crutch more.

Maister Flo. Thou saist true *Fiddle*, tis a good conceit :
Go call him in, *Franke Golding*, it is he. *Exit Fid.*
In the lame knaues disguise, a good conceit ; *Enter Franke.*
Now sir, what's the newes with you, you come to speake with my daughter ?

Franke. Yea sir, about a little worke I haue of hers.

Master Flo. What worke, you knaue ? no, thou hast some conceit, to robbe me of my daughter ; but away :
I like not that conceit, out of my doores.

Phil. Vnhappy *Phillis*, and vnfortunate.

Fran. Sir, I am content, ile not moue your patience.

Phil. Life of my liuing body, if thou goe,

Though

Though not alive take me hence dead with woe. *She sounds*

Berry. In troth sir, you are too blame.

Master Flow. What? is she dead? it is no good conceit.
Speake to me *Phillis*. O vnhappy time,
Sweete Girle, deere daughter, O my onely ioy.
Speake to thy father wench, in some conceit,
What, not a word?

Berry. Now may you see, what fell impatience
Begets vpon such tender plants as these.

Mistris Flow. Now may you see the folly of old age,
Gouern'd by spleene, and ouerweening rage.

Master Flow. Speake to me, daughter.
And thou shalt haue, what not? couetst thou Gold?
Thou shalt not want for crownes, thou shalt haue all.
O was my furie author of thy trance?
Did I deny thy loues accesse to thee?
Speake but one word and thou shalt be his wife,
By heauen thou shalt.

Phil. I take you at your word; it is no paine
To die for loue, and then reuiue againe.

Berry. Now M. *Flower*, how like you this conceit,
Hath she not ouerreachd you?

M. Flow. My word is past, and yet for all my rage,
I rather choose to faile in my conceit,
And wed thee *Phillis* to thy owne content.
Heere, take my daughter, Cripple, loue her well,
Be kinde to her, and ile be kinde to thee,
Thou art but poore, well I will make thee rich,
And so God blesse you, with a good conceit.

Frank. I thanke you, when I leaue to loue my wife,
Heauen hasten death, and take away my life.

M. Flow. 'Tis well done *Franke*, I applaude thy wit,
And I know I faile not in conceit.

Enter Cripple, Ferdinand, Anthony, Bowdler.

Crip. Gentlemen sweet bloods, or brethren of familiarity,
I would speake with *Phillis*, shall I haue audience?

Phil. Helpe me deare father, O helpe me Gentlemen,
This is some spirit, driue him from my sight.
Frank. Were he the deuill, thou shalt not budge a foote.
Bowd. Zounds two Cripples, two dogs, two curres, tis wonderfull!
Frank. Feare not deare heart.
Phil. Hence foule deformitie.
Nor thou, nor he, shall my companion be,
If Cripples dead, the liuing seeme to haunt,
Ile neither of either, therefore I say auaunt;
Helpe me, father.
Frank. Deere heart, reuoke these words,
Her eare no spirits nor deformities,
I am a counterfeit Cripple now no more,
But young *Franke Golding* as I was before:
Amaze not loue, nor seeme not discontent,
Nor thee, nor him shall euer this repent.
Ferd. M. *Flower*, I come to claime your promise.
Anth. I come for yours, your daughter I doe meane:
M. Flow. My promise? why sir, you refusde my promise,
And sent me word so in your letter.
Mistris Flow. And so did you to me, and now tis past,
Your brother *Franke* hath both our free consents.
Ferd. Sir, sir, I wrote no letter.
Anth. By heauen, nor I.
Frank. But I did for you both; I was your Scribe,
The whilst you went to see your house a fire:
And you (as I remember) I did send,
To see your sister drown'd at London-Bridge.
Ferd. Yfaith good brother haue you ore-reach'd vs so?
Anth. So cunningly, that none of vs could know.
Ferd. For all this cunning, I will breake the match.
Anth. And so will I.
Frank. Why brothers, shee's mine by her fathers gift.
Ferd. Brother you lie, you got her with a shift.
Frank. I was the first that lou'd her.
Ferd. That's not so, t'was I.
Anth. Catch that catch can, then brothers both you lie.
M. Flow. Yea, but conceit me Gentlemen, what doe you

meane to spoile my daughter? you claime her, and I haue giuen her your yonger brother; this is no good conceit: why how now *Phillis*, still drooping, cheare thee my girle, see a companie of Gentlemen are at strife for thy loue; looke vp, and in this faire assembly make thine owne choise; choose where thou wilt, and vse thine owne conceit.

Phil. But will my father then applaud my choise?

M. Flo. I will.

Phil. And will these worthy Gentlemen be pleasde,
How euer my dislike or liking prooue?

All. We will.

Phil. I must confesse you all haue taken paines,
And I can giue but all for that paines taken,
And all my all, is but a little loue,
And of a little who can make diuision?
I would I knew what would content you all.

Ferd. Thy loue.

Antho. Thy life and loue.

Frank. Thy life, thy loue, thy selfe, and all for me,
For if I want but one, I then want thee.

Phil. If then I giue what either of you craue,
Though not what you desire, will it suffice?

Ferd. I wish but loue.

Phil. And as a friend you haue it.

Antho. I life, and loue. I do now.

Phil. And as your friend, *I* vow, to loue you whilst *I* liue, as

Frank. *I* aske but all, for *I* deserue no more.

Phil. And thou shalt haue thy wish, take all my store,
My loue, my selfe.

Fran. By heauen, *I* aske no more:
Brothers, haue done, and Dad, to end all strife,
Come take her hand and giue her for my wife.

M. Flow. With all my heart, and tis a good conceit.

Bowd. Gentlemen, patience is your faireſt play.

Ferd. Impatience puls me hence, for this disdaine,
I am resolu'd neuer to loue againe. *Exit.*

Anth. Stay brother *Ferdinand*, ile follow thee,
Farewell all loue, tis full of treacherie. *Exit.*
Bowd.

Bow. By heauens *Franke* I doe commend thy wit,
Come *Mal*, shall thou and I aske blessing too for company?

Mall. You and I sir, alas, we are not play-fellowes, though we be turtles: I am prouided.

Bow. Prouided! why am not I thy *Menelaus*?

Mal. I sir; but this is my *Paris*, I am resolu'd,
And what I doe is by authoritie.

Bowd. It is euen so, is *Hellen* stolne by *Paris*?
Then thus in armes will *Menelaus* mourne,
Till *Troy* be sack'd, and *Hellena* returne. *Exit.*

Enter M. Wood. and Officers.

Wood. This is the man, officers attach him vpon fellonie.

Office. M. *Flower*, I arrest you vpon fellonie, and charge you to obey.

M. Flow. Arrest me vpon fellonie! at whose sute?

Wood. Sir, at mine; where had you that *Dyamond* on your finger? it was stole from me, and many other Iewels, to the value of a hundred pownd.

M. Flo. This is no good conceit; hath Captaine *Racket*,
Banded old *Flower* to such an exigent?
I hope my credit somewhat will assist me;
Well, whither must I goe?

Wood. Straight to the bench, where now the Iudges are
To giue you speedy tryall.

M. Flow. Words here are little worth, wife and friends all
Goe with me to my tryall, you shall see
A good conceit now brought to infamnie. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.